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FROM LANCASHIRE TO LAND'S END.

BY THE REV. W. A. O'CONOR, B.A.

I FIND some difficulty in explaining to my own satisfaction why I went to Cornwall in the spring of this year. It was partly the alternative to another journey which was impossible. An Irishman's conventional mode of accounting for his absence from Ireland in times of trouble was that he left the country "for a reason he had." I did not go to Ireland for a reason my wife had. We resolved to go to Cornwall instead. The remembrance of an old tradition that identified the populations of Ireland and Cornwall by common origin, or conquest, or immigration, pointed the way to this resolve. Referring to Black's *Guide Book to Penzance*, our farthest Cornish destination, I learned that the soil is noted for its extraordinary fertility, and especially for its growth of potatoes. This confirmed both the tradition and our purpose. The people had evidently disciplined the land into congenial productiveness. While speculating on this subject, the Manchester newspapers suddenly burst into a blaze of descriptions of riots that were raging at Cambourne, between the earlier and later inhabitants of the district. Streets were said to be desolated, chapels wrecked, innumerable heads broken. There was

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no more room for doubt. We started on our journey. We took with us Black's *Guide*, a novel by a celebrated lady romancist, said to be eloquent on Cornish scenery, and a book by an author named Bradshaw, who, I was informed, was a great authority in that line. As I consulted those writers promiscuously, it is possible I may confound their remarks with each other's or with my own.

We took tickets for Plymouth, intending to spend a day or two there on the way and see what was to be seen. A fellow-traveller said, in a common-place kind of way, that it always rained at Plymouth. Having ultimately come from Manchester, where it is always said to rain, and penultimately from Killarney, where it is also said always to rain, I began to ask myself what was to be gained by travelling. When we reached Plymouth it became clear to me that there is variety even in rain, and that although Killarney, Manchester, and Plymouth may, in this respect, be very much alike, yet Plymouth was like Manchester and Killarney put together. When I say that this was clear to me, I mean to imply that nothing else was clear. It certainly did rain at Plymouth. Cabs and ships and men were moving, but they were like shadowy ghosts, half visible in rainy darkness. The rain was the one substantial visitant from the upper world. The hotel we went to was chosen for the fine view it was said to afford. It fully answered its engagement. If anyone desires to have an unequalled view of rain I should advise him to go there. Some blurred objects were pointed out, said to be a lighthouse and a breakwater. They may have been—it was impossible to deny anything that might be said of them—but their occupation was gone, or reversed. When I got up the next morning, I found it, like a giant refreshed with sleep, raining with renewed vigour. When a man's pleasures fail him, he has his necessities to fall back upon. Breakfasting is a necessity. The

waiter informed me that they had some fine whiting, caught that morning. I sympathized deeply with them. We differed only by an accident. They were caught out of the wet, I into it—"in" and "out" are only accidents.

The Tamar separates Devon from Cornwall. It is crossed near Plymouth by a suspension bridge that spans the valley at a fearful height. There is no need to linger on this bridge. When we get into Cornwall we shall have to cross the bridges very slowly because, being made of timber, now in a state of partial decay, if the train caused any considerable commotion, they would give way and precipitate the passengers to a depth of some hundred or more feet. On inquiring why we always went over the bridges at so leisurely a pace, it was encouraging to have this reason assigned; though it had rather an Irish flavour about it, and reminded one of the old woman who having crossed a bridge, and finding it marked "dangerous" on the other side, ran back as fast as she could. The bridge over the Tamar at Saltash is an iron one, therefore we may pass it over quickly. There is another reason for avoiding local details, which I may as well mention. No object in Cornwall that I have seen resembled the written or pictorial descriptions of it. There are numerous illustrations of the same rocks or castle which are as unlike to each other as to the original. Travellers seem to think that they will not be believed unless they give accurate measurements and minute particulars. My opinion is, that the more general the description the more likely it is to be true and to be believed. There is no tradition in Cornwall so universal—so *semper ubique et ab omnibus*—as that Christianity was planted in the country by a multitude of saints, male and female, who came from Ireland. While this statement was left to its own probability, and to established opinion, it was safe enough. Unfortunately the Cornish people were

not satisfied with generalities. They wanted to be exact and to supply evidences. So they point out a huge rock of granite, with a hollow in one side, that happens to lie conveniently by the margin of the water, and assert that it is the actual boat in which one of those missionaries crossed the sea. It must, however, be said that this story corroborates, by its imaginative character, the tradition which it fails to make good by material proof. It is precisely of the same kind as the tales of wonder that are prevalent among the Irish peasantry. I well remember an old ruined church which was said to have been transported one night from a distant part of the country to the spot where it then stood. A large rock in a river that lay between its two sites was always referred to as evidence of the fact, it being a foundation stone that dropped from the edifice while in transitu. It must not be supposed that these stories are or were really credited by the peasantry. They were regarded just as the labours of Hercules were by an ancient Greek. They were believed by the imagination in order to be smiled at by the reason. We all believe, or realize to a certain extent, the wildest fiction that we read in order that we may extract the desired pleasure from it, which otherwise we could not possibly do. A peasant, one evening at Trevena, showed me two distant spots eight or ten miles asunder, which measured the single step of a giant on some emergency, just in the same humorous way in which I have heard the nocturnal flight of the church described to me in my boyhood. We too often misconceive and undervalue the true nature of those popular fables. They are the first human recoil from the mechanical realities of mere animal life. It might be expected that this imaginative faculty would produce a greater number of poets than either Cornwall or Ireland can lay claim to. Imagination, when circumstances are favourable, produces poetry ; but when circum-

stances are not favourable, it has other, and, for the time, much better work to do. It is the soil from which religious feeling springs, and it stimulates to ceaseless personal adventure. "Emigration," says a very able essayist in Cornwall, "has been so large of late years as to keep the population almost stationary, . . . in all parts of the world, in North and South America and Australia, knots of Cornish emigrants will be found—generally prosperous, though more through speculative qualities than the cool and thrifty determination of the sons of the North."* This description applies generally to Irish emigrants. "Their impulses, tastes, and pleasures," this same writer says, "are almost all gregarious. In old days they met, quarrelled, and fraternized in faction fights like those of Ireland, wrestling matches, hurling matches, and similar amusements. The gentry seemed to have lived in a social Castle Rackrent kind of fashion of their own." "The manners and habits of the Cornish populace before the time of Wesley," we again read, "seem to have strongly resembled those of the Irish, without the religious fervour which characterized the latter. There were the same clannish propensities, the same faction fights, the same riotous fair's and noisy funerals, the same disposition for turbulent encounters with the established authorities on every local occasion." "I saw, in some poor cottages," another writer says, "little girls barefooted and with their hair floating in disorder down their backs, who reminded one of Ireland." Every writer on Cornwall unconsciously testifies to this similarity. The habit of piling the sheaves of corn in stacks of an intermediate size before they are finally stacked in the hay-yard—which I heard an Englishman ridicule in Ireland as a proof of ignorance and indolence—prevails through Cornwall, where it is accounted for by visitors as a provision against the

* Herman Merivale.

damp and uncertainty of the climate. The phenomenon of red sheep—the result of an artificial process for a sanitary purpose—is common, and, I think, peculiar to both countries. All the superstitious omens of evil, such as the croaking of a raven, seeing a magpie, breaking a looking-glass, the howling of dogs, whistling by night, are the same. The Cornish motto “one and all” is paralleled by the Irish one *sheen fane*—“ourselves alone,” although the description given of one of the two peoples, the Cornish, will equally suit the other—“Never was a small people more curiously and readily divisible into factions, or more disinclined to really useful co-operation.”

The people of Cornwall were devoted Catholics till the Reformation, when they fought hard for the old religion. A foreign creed was, however, forced on them, and then was noticeable the want of religious fervour which has been mentioned. We can scarcely be surprised at it when we recall one or two of the current clerical anecdotes of the time. It is stated as a fact that, a wreck happening on a Sunday morning, the clerk announced to the assembled parishioners—“That measter would gee them a holladay.” On another occasion, it is said, news arrived of a wreck during the service. The congregation started up. “Stop,” cried the minister, in a loud voice. The people looked at him in surprise while he divested himself of his robes, and rushed down among them. “Now,” said he, “let us start fair,” as he led the way to the wreck. At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson’s, were fighting at the west end of the church; the parson, who was reading the second lesson, rushed from his desk and parted them. On his return, not remembering where he had left off, he asked the clerk, “Roger, where was I?” “Why, doon parting the dogs, measter,” said Roger. This was the time when a man of some position in society was said to have driven an ass

at night, with its leg tied up and a lantern round its neck, along the summit of a high cliff, that the halting motion of the animal might resemble the plunging of a vessel under sail, and thus tempt ships to run in, as if there was sea room. Wesley paid his first visit to Cornwall in 1743, and restored to the people a religion of their own, and a channel for the zeal of their race.

It is only fair to note one or two facts that distinguish the history of Cornwall from that of Ireland. The Saxons did not push their way beyond a line running transversely from Plymouth to Tintagel. The Cornish people have, therefore, a claim to descent from their very ancient King Arthur, whoever he was. In the next place the Normans never established themselves firmly in Cornwall. Great names and titles vanish there like mists from the sea. This fact has passed into a superstition. A third heir is scarcely known; a fourth never. One cause of this constant change was the frequent occurrence of family tragedies and premature deaths. There are several instances of great landowners being compelled to sell their property in order to bribe courtiers to procure a pardon for them when lying under sentence of death for 'murder. Aristocratic influences are consequently weak, and Methodist teachers and mining captains are the counsellors and leaders of the people by a natural and undisputed right. The population of Cornwall again, at least some twenty thousand of them, work under ground, where cattle cannot be made their substitutes. The mining interest dominates the political economy of Cornwall, and is fed by constant supplies from the great speculation field of London.

Having lingered beyond intention on the Saltash bridge, we must at all peril speed over the others. The country shows more and more the signs of mining operations as we advance. The earth looks as if it were being turned

inside out. Towards Cambourne we seem to be steaming through an uneven sea of mud. About this place, probably from the monotony of the scene, I fell into a doze and began to dream. I fancied that three fresh passengers entered the carriage. They soon began to talk about the Irish riots. "Irish has nothing to do with it," said one who seemed to be an inhabitant of the place; "one chap met some illtreatment and resented it, and the quarrel spread. That was the sum and substance of the matter. English and Irish were pure accidents." Who would ever hear anything like that, except in a dream! thought I to myself. "Don't you think it was a national quarrel then?" asked another of the party. "Of course, it became national when two nations took it up and made it their own, and blew the trumpets of five hundred newspapers to inflame it," answered the first speaker. "It blazed and burned in the air of nationality, whereas it would have died out, smothered in the narrowness of personal anger if let alone. Look at two armies destroying each other—or, as we call it, waging glorious war on each other. Forget that they are French and Germans, and you will see that they are simply murderers. Renew the idea of their distinct nationality, and murder becomes glory." What extraordinary things dreams are! was my mental exclamation. "But did not an Irishman begin it?" said the questioner. "The man who began it, or on whose act it first gained notice was not an Irishman," was the reply, "though he was the son of Irish parents. He thought he was wronged, and I believe he was, and he looked for redress. Then the differences of country, which had nothing whatever to do with the rights of the question, were dragged in." Here the train stopped at a station, with a sudden shock, which I expected would wake me up. But to my astonishment it did not. In fact, without being aware of it, I had been awake the whole time. The scene was real.

Penzance takes its name from a projecting head of land on which a little chapel of St. Anthony stands. It is therefore called Penzance, which means Holy head. The accent in Cornish names marks the adjectival syllable. San is holy, Pen, head. So the pronunciation is Penzánce. The town takes the head of John the Baptist for its arms. The little town of Marazion or Marketjew stands opposite to St. Michael's Mount within a few miles of Penzance. The sound of the name has given occasion to the supposition that the Jews traded largely there. Their ancient fondness for tin renders it probable that they may have done so, but if they did, the fact has no connection with the name. Marghas means a market, Ian is the adjective of island. Marazion means Island market, so called from the proximity of Michael's Mount, which is an island. Marghasjew, or as it is now called Marketjew, signifies Thursday-market. A street in Penzance is so called.

I went out to have a stroll by moonlight along the seaside at Penzance. Any description of this scene would be only an attempt to describe one's own feelings, and they cannot be described. Suffice it to say that the lights shone in heaven and the sea murmured on earth. I saw another light—a gaslight—on the opposite side, and heard a murmur of human voices. One may linger too long asking, "What are the wild waves saying?" I went across the road, and found myself one of a thick crowd under an immense tent, at one end of which stood a platform hung round with a miscellaneous assortment of articles for sale. A young man stood on the platform with a tin teapot in his hand. Ladies and gentlemen, said he, this teapot is the only one left of three thousand that I have sold within the last couple of days. It is made of the strongest Cornish tin. An old lady bought one of them and put it on the hob. The cover began to move up and down. She laid her hand on it to keep it

still. It went on moving. She sat on it, but it resisted her efforts. She had two lodgers, navvies. One of them sat on it with her, but the cover never stopped moving. The other lodger sat with them. It burst. The old woman and a tomcat were blown up the chimney, and the two navvies have not been heard of since. You'll say, he concluded, that this is a great lie—but—it *is*. One or two of the crowd tried to meet his style in kind by chaffing him. Ah, said he, wherever there's light you are sure to have moths fluttering about it.

Between Penzance and the Land's End on the coast is the Logan stone. Antiquarians insist that it should be called the logging stone; to log meaning to sway or oscillate. Wilkie Collins gives a description of it, and also a picture. The description I will quote. I rejoice that I can't quote the picture. "This far-famed rock rises on the top of a bold promontory of granite, jutting far out into the sea; split into the wildest forms, and towering precipitously to a height of a hundred feet. When you reach the Logan stone, after some little climbing up perilous-looking places, you see a solid, irregular mass of granite, which is computed to weigh eighty-five tons, resting by its centre only, on a flat, broad rock, which in its turn rests on several others stretching out around it on all sides." The picture confirms this account, representing the stone as being on the top of the pile of rocks. If a mere historian, some one who only wrote histories, and did not know the difference between fact and fiction—like Froude or Macaulay—wrote after this fashion you could not blame him. But when a habitual writer of fiction—if Mr. W. Wilkie Collins be *the* Wilkie Collins—who ought to be able to distinguish fact when he saw it from fable, makes things appear as they are not, our condemnation must be without extenuating circumstances. I will never say how many feet high a rock or castle is, nor how many tons a stone weighs, nor how far distant one spot is from another.

If I made the attempt, I should most probably be quite as wrong as others ; and if I were right, no one would be able to form an idea of these things, or feel an interest in them more than before. It is the human foot-trace that invests the sand with absorbing and mysterious interest. It is the relic of human life—the indentations that rage and fear and death have made on the earth that arrest our sympathies. The Logan stone is not twenty feet from the ground—be the same more or less—and so far from being on the summit, the pile of rocks rises to a great height behind it quite hiding it from the sea. This pile was, in fact, a keep or fortress at some extremely remote period. It is known as Trereen Castle. Either a castle stood there or the rocks were made to fulfil the defensive functions of a castle. The promontory widens inwards from the sea, and was protected by three lines of circumvallation ; one at the neck of the rocky pile, another where the promontory first juts out from the main shore, and a third between those two. The moment the guide called my attention to those ancient fortifications, I regarded the Logan stone only in a secondary way. Thoughts of the fierce struggles that raged on the spot, and of the strange men who engaged in them, thronged my imagination. Yet the Logan stone must have been there also. Were those bold warriors acquainted with its peculiar property ? When did its power of vibration commence ? Who first made the discovery ? The great capabilities of successful defence which the place naturally presented had no doubt led to its being chosen by some piratical invader as a fortress from which he could pillage the surrounding country, and, at last, if necessary, escape in his ships. It was not likely that he troubled his head about the Logan stone, even enough to make mistakes about it, as Mr. Wilkie Collins did. I asked the guide if there were any record or tradition as to the time when the stone was first observed to be capable of motion ;

and he repeated, in reply, a long legendary tale, a few sentences of which I wrote down afterwards from memory. "Calm was the eve by Trereen shore. The sun, a ball of red, hung on the margin of the sky. His beams gently heaved like sleeping sea-birds on the waves. The air was still. But fierce rolled the tides of battle to and fro before the rocky home of Cathmor. He had wooed the daughter of Clougal, chief of the Glen. But the maiden turned from his love. Leader of men, she said, seek elsewhere a heart that can beat to thine. The halls of chiefs welcome thy coming, and distant isles are close to thy fast-sailing ships. Isola's love is given to another. Darkness gathered on Cathmor's brow as when the blast from the mountains settles on the lake. He went in silence. But he came suddenly with his warriors and bore off the shrieking maid. Her friends raised the cry of war through the valley. They poured forth as the stream rushes over rocky falls and shouts in its torrent joy. At the last rampart they joined in fight. They struggled to and fro as the trees of the forest mingle their branches in the fury of the tempest. Cathmor gained his home of rocks. He was seen on the craggy pile. Isola stood by his side. Her hair hung loose. The sunbeams sparkled in its golden mazes. The tear was in her eye, as the dew on the lonely flower that hangs on the cliff. With one hand she sheltered her eyes from the sun as she gazed through her tears on her brothers. Cathmor, shouted Clougal, restore the daughter to her sire, the maid to her lover. Let there be peace. We will gladly see thy ships returning when thou sailest over the dark waves. Cathmor yields not to man, cried the haughty chief. When the rock on which she leans shall move at the pressure of Isola's hand, Cathmor will yield. Isola's heart beat high at Cathmor's words. She stood in the pride of her maiden strength. She pressed her white hand, and the rock heaved to the tremor of her touch.

Loud and long rose the shout of wonder and joy. Strong is the rock, said the sea-borne chief, and stronger is love; but more steadfast than the rock and stronger than love is the pledged word of Cathmor. Let the maid depart. Time will lessen the pain of Cathmor's heart. Let there be peace. Calm was the eve on Trereen shore."

I asked the guide where he got the legend. He heard a gentleman read it he said out of a small, square book, printed on thin paper, and full of lines and figures which he could not understand. Was Bradshaw the name, I asked. He said he thought it was.

On our way to Land's End—we drove in a car drawn by a single horse, I must observe—we came upon a donkey lying on the middle of the road. As we came near, the animal turned his head and looked at us languidly, then resumed his former attitude and lay still. The driver made a circuit, and left him undisturbed. We were followed by another carriage containing a more numerous party and drawn by two horses. We watched with some curiosity to see what would happen. The moment the donkey saw a carriage and pair approaching he arose, shook his ears deferentially, and walked aside with instinctive recognition of greatness. I could note the gleam of assured triumph that passed over the features of the occupants of the two-horse carriage at the donkey's homage. It was a subject of thought for me during the rest of the day, and for many days. Why do people ride in two and four and six horse carriages? Because they expect to meet donkeys. Why do men spend their lives in making money which they never spend? For the sake of the donkeys. Why do statesmen soar beyond their modest practical duties and embroil the nations in strife? That donkeys may rise at their approach. Why do town councillors make orations about ship canals? Why do people wish to get on school boards? That

donkeys who would not move for them before may bow their ears for them as they pass by. Why do young men smoke cigars? To astonish donkeys. What is all extravagant taste in art and dress for? For donkeys. The lesson that I learned at the Land's End made me a wiser, without being a sadder, man. I constantly think of that donkey. My wife says that I am growing very careless about my appearance and wearing shabby clothes. A friend with whom I was about to take a walk the other day somewhat too considerately suggested that I should put on an overcoat. He was looking at my old jacket as he spoke. I knew what he meant, but I had not gone to the Land's End for nothing. If he chose to lie on the road while I passed let him do so. There is much more time lost in waiting for a donkey to rise than there is in going round him. When I began to prepare this paper last week, I said to myself with emphatic warning, "Mind that you do not attempt to drive in a carriage-and-pair style before the Literary Club. There are no donkeys there."

The Land's End is a place to sit quietly at and think and feel. The feelings created by such scenes are rich with the uncoined ore of humanity—why should we mingle them with the alloy of conventionality to make them circulate? They are flooded with the milk of human kindness—why churn this milk into words that retain no life, and never can become emotion again? The thought of the Land's End, and the question that arises as the eye scans the distant sweep of ocean—what lies beyond? are the chief ingredients of the mood that the locality begets. But when we begin to philosophize we know that America lies beyond, and that if our thoughts only continue to travel they will come round to the very point from which they started, and the Land's End becomes the end of romance. Let us make-believe that the world is flat.

In a field by the roadside, not far from Penzance, stands a circle of tall grey stones, nineteen in number. How they were brought there or where from is a perplexing inquiry. There are no such stones anywhere near, and if there were it is difficult to comprehend how they could be conveyed to this spot and set erect. They are called the Nineteen Merry Maidens. Again I say—be the same more or less. I counted them several times, but I do not pledge myself to their exact number. I measured the distance between them, and the diameter and the circumference of the circle, but I was no wiser. At night I read their true history in one of the books which I had brought with me—which of them I am unable to say.

It was in the days when the ancient Druidic worship was yielding before the mild doctrine of the true religion. But the later germs of truth lay yet unfolded in the stern soil, and the habits of a gloomy ritual lingered in the first beams of the growing dawn. A group of maidens from Penzance, forgetting or heedless that it was the sabbath day, went to join in their accustomed dance in the field of meeting. The Christian priest, who had previously been a Druid, and was now fired with new-born zeal, hurried after them to prevent the profanation. He found them standing in a ring, just about to commence the measure, and entreated them to forbear. The wilful maidens could not understand why their usual pastime should be abandoned. They ridiculed his scruples. The priest changed his entreaties to threatenings. Gladys Pentreath, said he, addressing the ringleader of the party, the fairest and merriest of the daughters of Penzance, wilt thou dance on the day of holy rest—on the sabbath day? We are ready to dance for a whole week of sabbath days, said the laughing girl, as she extended her arms to her companions on each side to commence the movement. Remain where you are, said the angry priest, until a week

of sabbaths comes and closes, and be a warning to future time that the laws of religion cannot be broken with impunity. Just in the circle in which they stood the maidens were changed into stone, and there they remain rooted in the earth to the present day. Strangers long felt an unaccountable sadness grow on their spirits as they looked on the group, not knowing the strange fact of their transformation. An air of sullen terror struggling with defiance breathed from the petrified forms. The attitudes of the graceful maidens, as they were just about to sweep round in undulating motion, contrasted in some felt but unintelligible manner with the fixed and motionless figures of the stones. No sunshine ever seemed to gladden the spot. A rebellious darkness that appeared to come from within lowered on the granite masses, and repelled the fondling and comforting daybeams.

After many centuries had passed away, and partial stagnation had long succeeded the first glad influx of Christianity, a fresh wave of life, welling from a distant source, swept over the land. The whole population hastened to bathe in its water and renewed their dying love. For a time all the usual occupations of daily life were forsaken, and frequent religious services succeeded each other almost without intermission. The church bells pealed day after day for a whole week—morning and evening the summons to prayer rang through the parish from the church-tower, and was answered by thronging crowds. On Saturday morning the call to worship was repeated and responded to. In the evening again the bell pealed its invitation, and the whole cycle of a week of sabbaths was almost completed. The bell rang loud, and the congregation gathered. The bell ceased to ring, and the people sat in expectant silence, but no clergyman appeared. They waited for a long time in surprise, and at last departed in angry unrefreshment.

The clergyman was a stranger who had exchanged duties with the resident pastor during the mission. During his stay he had formed an attachment to the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood. They had fallen into the habit of going to the church together for some days, and the girl had promised, when they met on Saturday evening, in the field of the nineteen merry maidens, to give a final answer to his offer of love. Just as the bells began to ring she entered the field. It appeared quite strange to her—no merry maidens were there. Astonished, and concluding that she had mistaken the entrance, she passed on to the next field, thinking it must be the one she sought. But this field, too, was empty. Excited and reft of all self-possession she hastened on, and passed from field to field and lost herself in the wild and fruitless search. Her lover came at the appointed hour. He had yet time to receive the promise that was to make his life happy, and then proceed with his affianced bride to the service that was to conclude his engagement. He, too, entered the field, and seeing no circle of stone pillars, hastily took for granted that he had mistaken the place in his eagerness, and immediately directed his steps to the adjoining field just as the object of his search passed from it at the opposite side. Surprised and confounded at finding this also without the tokens that distinguished the appointed trysting place, he lost all sense of time and sound. The beating of his heart was louder than the peal of the bell. For hours he continued his pursuit, and during the whole time, the affrighted girl left each field just as he entered it.

That night the inhabitants of Penzance were disturbed by strange sounds heard in the streets. Some of them rose and went to the windows to ascertain from what source they proceeded. By the light of the clear moon they saw a number of girls in strange attire and speaking an unknown

language wandering through the streets. They uttered exclamations of grief and astonishment as they approached house after house and failed apparently to discover what they expected to find. Their eager words began to subside into stifled moans and despairing wails, when a sudden cry from one of them caught the attention of all the others. They flocked together to the place from which the cry came, and a simultaneous exclamation of joy burst from every lip as they recognized the ancient cross that stood by the market-house—the only object in the town, as it would seem, that was familiar to them. A solemn silence succeeded to this burst of glad recognition. They knelt in a cluster round the old cross, and as the wondering watchers gazed, they slowly faded from view.

The next morning the merry maidens were in their usual place. But observers ever afterwards noticed a change in their appearance. The gloom and the shadow had departed, and when the sun poured his beams on the grey stones, no longer repelling his sympathy, they basked in the grateful warmth and reflected his brightness.

We returned towards the south by train to Falmouth, and travelled by water to Truro, through a succession of wooded lakes that opened before us and closed behind us as we went.

There is no railway further than Bodmin on the way to Tintagel. A distance of some twenty miles must be walked or driven over. The road is said to be the most dreary and uninteresting that can be found. Fortunately we did not learn this until after we had made the journey. No feature of what is generally considered fine scenery presented itself. Neither lake, wood, or castle embellished the view. But we had near and distant objects to contemplate. We passed alternately between steep and sloping banks, covered with flowers, that shut out the landscape, and low hedges that

allowed the horizon to be seen. Wide sweeps of undulating hills that gathered afar off into the semblance of endless plains, and melted insensibly into the low-lying heavens, carried away the thought till it lost its distinctness and became a mysterious emotion, resembling the remote objects in the scene where mountain tops and clouds were indistinguishable. Bold and craggy eminences at another time drew the mind into their likeness and inspired the mood that dares and defies the blows of man or fortune. Again, tall hills lifted the soul to the height where, in ambitious reveries, the holiness of earth is forgotten. Then we suddenly drove into ravines of blossoming hyacinths, that called our attention to the immediate products of nature, and compelled us to listen to her low and soothing voice. Come, she said, to my bosom, and learn to contemplate the modest beauties that are life's daily bread. They are always at hand; they will never fail, never deceive. Enlarge your imagination, if you will, with the indistinct forms of cloud-land, but forget not the tenderness of home and friendship, and the sweetness and fragrance that glorify the near and narrow way. The driver directed our attention to two savage crags that thrust themselves forward and frowned at each other across a deep valley. This, we were told, was called the devil's jump. There are two divergent traditions about the devil in Cornwall. The Cornish housewives are famous for the excellence and varied contents of their pies. There is no conceivable thing that may be eaten, or that can be thought possible to be eaten, that they do not dress in this kind of dish. Having subdued one world to their culinary enterprise, they aspire to other worlds, and openly express their desire to catch the devil and cook him in a pie. The devil has heard of this and he keeps out of the way. It is said that he never dares to make his appearance in Cornwall. But on the other hand there are various localities

that testify to his visits by their names. There are devil's pits and coits and caldrons and heights and hollows just as in other places. The explanation of those contradictory evidences is that the devil does visit Cornwall, but that he is very much on his guard, hiding behind bushes and rocks, and never venturing into the haunts of fashion and parading in the streets as he does in other places. He skulks about in a cowardly manner, and acts more like a poacher than a licensed sportsman. Once, on a summer's eve, a youth and a maiden wandered in a path that leads near one of these crags. The balmy air trilled to the song of the thrush. The streamlet sparkled and sang light-heartedly as it sped from its cradle in the moors to its final home in the ocean. No pollution of town or factory clogged the liquid clearness of its rippling melody. It was pure as the hearts of the youthful pair who drew nigh. The devil happened to be lurking somewhere near, and he immediately crept out and stationed himself on the crag and lay down to listen to what the lovers were saying. Listeners seldom hear good of themselves. Neelah, said the youth, do not postpone our happiness through excessive prudence. I am strong and healthy: you shall never want something to put into the pie, though I were to seize the arch fiend himself. The devil sprang up in consternation, jumped across the chasm and disappeared, leaving his name to the locality, and confirming the pious disposition of the Cornish people.

Passing through a region that is one vast slate quarry, we arrived at Trevena, within fifteen minutes' walk of which is King Arthur's Castle. We lost no time in paying a first visit to it. The castle stands—rather I should say stoops or leans—partly on a projecting cliff, and partly on what is called an island, separated from the cliff by a chasm of twenty or thirty yards breadth. I prefer saying it is sepa-

rated by a wide chasm. There are various theories as to the original connection between the island and the mainland. The isolated portion, it should be explained, is not properly an island, as the sea never flows between, but it is accessible only by a winding and steep path on the face of a lofty precipice. Some say that the island was once united to the land by a connecting neck, and that the castle occupied the whole way across. Others aver that the island and mainland were quite separate at one time, and were united by a drawbridge: that afterwards the cliff on either side fell down and partially filled up the passage where the sea intervened before, and created the chasm that now exists at the top. So, however, it is that one portion of the castle is on the rock that is nearest to the island, and another portion on the island itself. The two outer walls on either side run towards each other, and would meet if continued across the chasm. The island is between three and four acres in extent. This small space swells and droops and undulates, and forms plains and hills and vales. It is covered with the thickest and softest carpet of grass that was ever trodden. It is surrounded by a cliff that is terrific in its height and savage outline. The ruins of a small chapel lie on an elevated part, and a shallow grave cut in the rock lies by its side. Entrance to the insular part of the castle is obtained through a gate, the key of which can be got at a cottage not far off, the only condition being that you must lock the door when you have entered to prevent the sheep, who are always on the watch for an opportunity, from getting in. Having made a hasty inspection we returned, and the next morning set out for a more lengthened exploration. The day was sunny and soft and warm; one of those days that seldom come in a lifetime. We got the key and locked ourselves into the island. In attempting to describe the old castle, for some reason unknown to myself, I use the

word senility rather than antiquity. The smaller and the humbler the abode, the more closely does it remind us of man. Towering bastions and frowning fortresses have a character and identity of their own, and rank with the sublimities of material nature. The hut, the shed, the fragile walls and roof of thatch are sanctified by the eternal presence of the household gods. This is the order of architecture to which Tintagel belongs. It is ancient beyond history or tradition or probable conjectures, and is worn and attenuated to decrepitude by the waste of time. But it will be half human while a stone stands on another. It is hollowed and beaten by rain and wind to a shred, and you sympathize in its decay as with a fellow mortal. After walking for a while through the ruins, my wife sat on the broken wall of the old chapel, and I set off in search of adventures through the island. All desire to investigate, all power to distinguish or enumerate, were lost in pure enjoyment. Part of the space, where it inclines down to the cliff, is covered with innumerable anthills. From another point, where the base of the rocks is visible, flocks of puffins are seen. I stumbled on an old cave like many which I have seen in my childhood. I found a bird's nest, and looked in at the rounded treasures it contained with suspended breath as I had done when a boy. I stood on the extreme verge of the mighty cliff, and gazed abroad until consciousness began to blend into vague immensity. Then I looked back at the quiet figure sitting on the ruined chapel in the distance, and the island became home, carpeted with verdure, domed by heaven, walled by infinity, with the distant sound of the cruel world vainly raging without. Then we walked round the cliff together. My wife saw a coin in the rocks—a coin probably dropped by King Arthur. I picked it up and we carefully examined it. It proved to be a semi-denarius of the bronze period of Queen Victoria's reign. I believe the proper owner of it is

the Duke of Cornwall. Until it is claimed I am His Royal Highness's vicegerent. We afterwards went through the other part of the castle on the mainland in which the principal gateway stands, with a winding approach to it up the side of a steep hill. One doorway through the thickest part of the wall leading sheer out on a deep precipice perplexed me in vain efforts to imagine its use. It may have been an entrance for goods brought by ships, for the sea was nearly under it.

On our way to the village we sat to take a parting view. As I looked my vision suddenly found its focus, as when the duplicates under the stereoscope join into one, and I distinctly saw a party of gaily caparisoned knights, with pennons flying and armour gleaming in the sunset, riding up the zigzag towards the castle gate. I almost ceased to breathe as I gazed on the sight. Eleven warriors, preceded by a figure of surpassing stature and dignity moved before me in the yet clear daylight. The castle was no longer in ruins. Its front presented an unbroken battlement, and a flag floated from its highest tower. I soon became conscious that some one seated himself on my right hand side, my wife being on my left. As well as I could perceive in the bewilderment of the moment it was an old man with a long white beard, and carrying a singular staff in his hand. "Who are those?" I asked him, scarcely taking my eyes from the strange vision. "Look and see," he answered, at the same time pointing to them with his staff. I looked and saw seven of the wildest looking rascals I ever beheld riding mountain horses as wild and shaggy as themselves, with one riding in front who was certainly, as far as appearances went, the natural leader of such followers. "Is that King Arthur riding first?" I said. "You may call him King Arthur if it pleases you," answered my new acquaintance, "but all the same his real name is McCarthy." "And

who is that mild-looking youth that goes just after him?" I inquired. "His name," was the answer, "is Gallagher, but they call him Gallahad." "Is not he a very devout young man?" I said. "He is as long as you're looking at him, and he knows it, but I won't answer for more than that," was the reply. "Why," said I, "did he not go on a pilgrimage in search of a holy cup, at one time?" "There would be no occasion at all for the cup to be holy for him to go in search of it," the old man answered. "If there was whiskey in it that would be holiness enough for him." "And who is that rakish fellow," said I, "who wears his helmet in such a jaunty style?" "His name," said my old friend, "is Larry Toole, but they call him Lancelot for shortness." "Isn't he a rather loose-going kind of youth?" I asked. "He's not a very particular sort of chap," was the old man's answer, "but I'd a sight sooner trust him than Jim Gallagher." "Don't they sit round a table all equal?" was my next inquiry. "Faith," said my friend, "if you'll go up to the castle to-night, in the small hours of the morning" (I am repeating his exact words)—"If you'll go up to-night, in the small hours of the morning, it's *under* the table you'll find them all equal, and no mistake." "Could you inform me," I next inquired, "how the island came to be divided from the mainland or whether it was always so?" "Well," he answered, "I'll tell you how it came about. A man named Barney Neill rented the island from Arthur, but in a short time he wanted a new valuation and a reduction, and Arthur wouldn't consent to it: so what does Barney do but get a crowbar one night when Arthur and the boys were out, and pulled down the rocks just as you see them. He repealed the union without any doubt. And now he won't pay a penny of rent at all, for he says Arthur is an absentee, and what else could he be but an absentee, when he can't set foot on the island." "Might I make so bold as to ask your name?" said I.

"Well then, you may," said he, "my name is Murrough O'Lyne." "And may I take the further liberty of inquiring," said I, "whether they call you anything for shortness?" "Why then, they do," answered he, "they call me Merlin." "Merlin," I gasped, almost breathless with astonishment. And then, in the excitement of the moment, I, with most culpable thoughtlessness and bad taste, asked "Where's Vivien." "There now," said Merlin, "that's the way people talk. Look there," continued he, holding out his wand, "look at her just coming out of the gate of the Dune." I looked and saw a dark-haired girl, with graceful figure and elastic step, issue from the castle gate. "Do you see any white samite on her?" asked Merlin. "I must confess my entire ignorance," said I, "of that mystic and wonderful fabric, but I can confidently say that your friend over the way is distinguished rather by its absence than its presence, whatever it be." "Exactly," said Merlin, "and you may judge all the rest by that. Her name, for one thing, is not Vivien at all her name is Biddy. She's a girl of the Caseys. And there isn't in the whole kingdom of Cornwall an honester or a decenter girl than herself." "How can you go on talking nonsense all night?" said a voice on my left. I turned a meekly remonstrative look in that direction, and when I looked back again, Merlin was gone. The castle was once more in ruins, and where Arthur and his knights had been, a few sheep nibbled the grass.

The moment I got into the hotel I referred to a *History of Tintagel* which lay on the table, and there I read that the castle in ancient days contained stalls for seven horses. This was exactly the number that I saw according to Merlin's way of putting things. I also read that the old name of Tintagel was Dundagium. "Dagium" is evidently only the Latin termination, so that Dun was the original name of the place. Now dune is the Irish word for fort or fortress.

It may be remembered that Merlin spoke of Vivien as coming out of the Dune. The place was clearly an Irish fort.

Towards nightfall I went to take one more view of the castle, as we were to leave next morning. I took the road leading to the church which would bring me to a fresh approach. The day had changed. The sky was dreary, and there was a mournful wail in the wind as it swept over the desolate downs. The iron of pitiless circumstance entered into my soul. The church as I passed it seemed like the tomb of a dead god, with the lesser tombs of his worshippers clustering round. Despair weighed on my spirits; but it was rather a diffused and passive melancholy than a sharp anguish. I made no struggle, but yielded to the influences that surrounded me and to the bitter blast that bore me on. The island, with its rent and tortured cliffs, and the aged and decrepit castle came in sight. Sea and wind, wave upon wave, and blast upon blast, without blind rage, without thought of possible failure, beat on the stones that nature had laid and those which man's hand had erected, and wasted away the strength of both alike. Years and years ago I witnessed the spectacle before unknown to me of a cat torturing a mouse. The little creature, when tossed into the air by its gigantic executioner, always the instant it fell sat erect on its haunches in defiance and exhibited its tiny teeth. And this unequalled courage and constancy were in vain against the tyranny of fate! But I was wrong, for I stood by, a possible avenger, and I had a gun in my hand. Still I have never forgotten the incident, and it now came back on me as the interpreter of the scene before me. The great torturers, the sea and the storm, were playing with the shore. The cliffs stood in haughty defiance, the buffeted rocks frowned back on their foe. But all was in vain. The calm and cruel monster—calm in its fury and cruel in its repose—was gradually eating away the vitals of its victim. The

frown on the brow of the cliff was made only of the wrinkles that ages of tempest had written. The threatening buttresses and tall minarets of stone were only the writhing limbs of a despairing combatant. All was giving way, nothing could endure. Again, the iron chain of material destiny clasped my soul and enthralled it. My consciousness melted into the external world. All nature around, the dismal ocean, the worn rocks, the emaciated ruins became conscious in my consciousness. I saw them no longer, I was part of them—warring with them, perishing with them.

“The heaven and the earth shall pass away, but my word shall not pass away.” No one knows the power of words till they come at the right moment. I recovered and collected my wandering fancies. I saw nature from my human height. My soul that had evaporated and been the soul of the wind and wave and rocks, condensed and crystallized, and looked out from her battlement which the tempest cannot reach ; and like a mass of floating vapour that gathers into a dew drop I reflected the outside world instead of mingling with it.

Within a short drive or walk of Trevena, in the valley of Trevillet, is a waterfall called St. Knighton, or St. Nectan’s Kieve. On a high rock near the fall stand the walls of a small building where the saint lived. Once on a time, two ladies took up their abode in this building and died in it—no one ever knew from whence they came, or their names or histories. This is no uncommon circumstance in Cornwall. A foreigner came to a farm house, begged to be taken in as a lodger, paid liberally in gold coins of some other land, entreating his landlord not to exhibit them till he went away or died ; never went out by day, and died in a few years unknown even by name. One writer (Hunt) confounds the Kieve, the name of a miner’s vessel applied to the basin into which the water falls, with the hermitage. Another

(Collins) describes the place where the strange ladies lived and died as a cottage on the outskirts of the wood. The building on the high rock near the fall is of great antiquity. It belongs to a class of small stone-roofed chapels whose origin and use are unknown. One of these stands outside Torquay on the top of a steep precipice. There are one or two in Ireland. If, as is said, they were guides for mariners, it must have been by the aid of perpetually burning lights, and this takes us back to the time when our Aryan forefathers came from the East.

I have only to repair an omission and add that the clergy man and his sweetheart, whom we left wandering around the site of the vanished merry maidens, found each other at last and were married.





THE MARQUIS DE MORANTE: HIS LIBRARY AND ITS CATALOGUE.

BY RICHARD COPLEY CHRISTIE.

ON the thirteenth of June, 1868, there died at Madrid the most eminent bibliophile that Spain has produced—one of the very few Spaniards worthy of the name of a bibliophile—the collector of by far the most extensive private library that has ever been formed in the Peninsula, or that has anywhere been collected in the nineteenth century. The name of Don Joachim Gomez de la Cortina, Marques de Morante, is all but unknown on this side the Channel. The British Museum and the Bodleian indeed each possess the nine volumes of his catalogue, but I doubt whether any other complete copy, except my own, exists in England; and although the library has now been disposed of by auction, and many of the rarer volumes are included in the treasures of the British Museum, yet the sales neither had the pecuniary success nor attracted the attention which the collection certainly deserved. But a library of one hundred and twenty thousand volumes—the great majority in Latin (though with numerous books in Greek, Italian, French, and Spanish), which included many *Editiones Principes* of Greek and Latin classics, books printed on vellum, rare productions of the early Paris press, books in the richest

and most beautiful bindings, ancient and modern, and from the libraries of the most distinguished amateurs—may be thought not unworthy of attention at a time when the sales of the Sunderland and Beckford collections have been received with so much enthusiasm,* and the books themselves have been so keenly contended for, and have fetched such enormous prices.

It was not until about the year 1840 that the eminent booksellers in Paris who particularly devoted themselves to the sale of fine and rare books, and to compiling the catalogues for the great sales by auction, Techener, Potier, Merlin, and others, began to learn, and to learn with no little surprise, that Africa no longer commenced at the Pyrenees, but that a book collector existed in Spain ; and soon afterwards the Paris binders whose artistic productions have so enormously enhanced the value of the books to which they have devoted their labours and their talents, Capé, Thouvenin, Bauzonnet, and Duru, began to receive books to be richly bound for, and stamped with the arms and monograms of the same amateur. But it was not until the first volume of the Marquis de Morante's catalogue appeared in print, in 1854, that his name was known except to a few booksellers and binders, and it was an article in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, in 1862, by G. Brunet, on the completion of the eighth volume of the catalogue, that first introduced the marquis generally to the knowledge of the French collectors and men of letters ; and as no bibliophile had been heard of in Spain since the death of Don Vincente Salva of Valencia, the existence of such a library as that of the Marquis de Morante caused no little interest.

“ I remember,” writes the bibliophile Jacob (Paul Lacroix),

* Enthusiasm for the *books*, but contempt and disgust for the meanness or extravagance which has led the inheritors of great names to regard their ancestral treasures of art and literature merely as means of acquiring money.

in the interesting note prefixed to the first sale catalogue of the collection, "that one day I met Motteley, the model bibliophile, coming out of the *atelier* of his fetish the binder Duru. He was pensive, full of care and anxiety. 'I have just seen,' he said, 'a collection of astonishing bindings on which the incomparable Duru is lavishing all his marvellous imagination and genius, but I have not yet been able to discover the name of their fortunate possessor. I admire while I execrate them, for they have caused our friend Duru to delay the execution of some of mine. There is only Monseigneur the Duc d'Aumale to whom Duru would sacrifice me in this way; and, indeed, if it were any one else, I should never forgive him. No one but a "past master" in book collecting would order such bindings, and it is only a prince who could pay for them.' The bindings were for the Marquis de Morante. When Motteley was informed of this he cried out: 'At length Spain possesses a bibliophile.'"

Don Joachim Gomez de la Cortina was born in Mexico on the 6th of September, 1808. He was the third son of Don Vincente Gomez de la Cortina, a member of a noble Spanish family of the province of Santander, whither he returned, on the revolt of Mexico from the Spanish crown. In right of his wife, Don Vincente was Count de la Cortina. Don Joachim passed with distinction through the University of Alcala, and, after taking the degree of Doctor *utriusque juris*, received the appointment of Professor of Canon Law in that University; and on the transfer of the University of Alcala to Madrid, in 1840, though only thirty-two years of age, he was nominated Rector of that great institution, an office which he held at this time for only two years, the death of his father in 1842 having obliged him to proceed to Mexico in order to arrange his family affairs. On his return to Spain in 1844, he was appointed Supernumerary Judge of the Court of Appeal of Madrid; in 1847 he

received the title of Marquis de Morante, and shortly afterwards the Grand Crosses of Charles the Third and Isabella the Catholic, and was made a Knight of the military Order of Santiago de Compostella. From 1851 to 1853 he held for the second time the office of Rector of the University of Madrid, which he vacated upon being made a member of the Supreme Tribunal of Justice. In 1859 he was raised to the dignity of Senator. Señor F. A. Barbieri—no less distinguished as a musical composer than as an enthusiastic bibliophile, from whose biographical notice of the Marquis de Morante, prefixed to the sale catalogue of 1872, the foregoing details are taken—inform us that the marquis always refused to receive the income attached to the various offices which he held, in some instances renouncing them in favour of the State, in others assigning them for the benefit of the poor.

Some time before his death he resigned all his offices, in order to give himself up exclusively to his library and his studies. From a very early age he had devoted himself with ardour to the collection of books, and when a student at the University of Alcalá, had laid the foundations of his great library, and had employed all that he could spare from his allowance in the purchase of books. His income for many years before his death was about £5,000 per annum, two-thirds of which he spent on his library.

Although the Marquis de Morante filled from time to time so many important posts, his affections were wholly with his books, and he never willingly left his library; business and duty alone took him beyond its walls. He never travelled except from necessity; twice only he visited Paris, once on his way to Mexico in 1842, and again in 1848. London he merely passed through once on his Mexican journey, and from the time that he resigned his public offices it was only on very rare occasions that he went out of his house. His

library was placed in three magnificent halls, paved with marble, which he had built for the purpose. There from morning till night the marquis might be found, wearing a short jacket of coarse ticking, with a pair of old slippers on his feet. This dress he found the most convenient, and it was never changed. Visitors would generally find him at the top of a lofty ladder, like Dominie Sampson, partly arranging, partly reading his books, for it must not be supposed that the marquis was a mere collector; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and his main aim and object was to collect all the editions of the Latin classics and all books bearing upon Latin philology and criticism. Latin was the language which he always desired to speak; and his chief amusement, and indeed the only one in which he indulged in the later years of his life, was to entertain in the evening a few friends for the purpose of discussing in Latin philological and literary subjects. Yet these discussions, we may suppose, would be more entertaining to him than to his friends. Accustomed in all that part of his life which was not passed in his library to act either as a professor or as a judge, believing thoroughly in his own infallibility and in his own good fortune, he could not bear the slightest opposition, and a contradiction persisted in, involved the disgrace of the contradictor. He was so tenacious in his opinions that on several occasions, Señor Barbieri tells us, having cited as an authority a text, which on being referred to turned out exactly the contrary of what he had stated, he preferred to alter it as an error, rather than to admit that he was wrong. He never asked advice, and when it was offered never took it. Punctually as the clock struck nine, however interesting might be the conversation it sharply closed, and the guests hastened to take their leave.

Yet notwithstanding all this he was a man of solid learning if not of much judgment, and his *Etymological Dictionary of the Latin and Spanish Languages*, whatever may be its abso-

lute merits, certainly must take a high place amongst the books of Latin scholarship which the Peninsula has produced. Besides this book, his only literary productions, with the exception of his catalogue and its numerous dissertations, were a few unimportant philological and literary tracts.

His habits, as may be supposed, were of the simplest. Caring for money only for the purpose of buying books or of relieving the poor (for of the third of his income which he devoted to his personal wants a large portion went in charity), he was yet most methodical in his accounts, and finding on one occasion that his laundress had made a mistake of an *ochavo* (rather less than a farthing), he apostrophized her in most severe and harsh terms on the subject of the error, but presented her at the same time with a twenty-franc piece, to show his approval of her skilful laundry work. His servants were numerous, and he was a most kind master, leaving pensions by his will to each of his domestics, and to his cook the handsome income of eight francs per day. Yet her labours cannot have been very arduous, for the marquis ate the simplest food, drank with it a very little wine, never taking tea, coffee, or spirits, and neither smoking nor taking snuff. He seems to have been a good deal bored by his official duties as a judge, for whenever he sat in Court a volume of Horace or Virgil would be seen peeping from his pocket ready to be taken out at any moment of leisure, or possibly during the too long speech of a tedious advocate. Theatres and public amusements were entire strangers to him; sometimes he indulged in a game at cards with a few intimates, and he possessed no mean skill at *tresillo* and *revesino*. But at cards, as in discussion, he could not bear to lose, being unable to understand either that his skill could be surpassed or that his good fortune could fail.

During the latter part of his life he was deaf, irritable, and with a perpetual cold in the head, caused by passing his

whole time in the cold galleries of his library. He amused himself, according as any of his friends pleased or displeased him, by making fresh codicils to his will, adding or omitting their respective names. Yet he was by no means ungenial, and took pleasure in relating to his friends various incidents in his life, but absolutely refusing to assign dates or to give any information which would allow of the possibility of his life being written. Nor would he ever allow his portrait to be taken. He was very little, very thin, with prominent cheek bones, a dark complexion, and very bright eyes. The Marquis de Morante died from the effects of a fall from a ladder in his library. His body was embalmed, and then, placed in a magnificent bronze sarcophagus which he had himself caused to be prepared for its reception, was buried in the church of which his father had been the founder, at Salazar, in the province of Santander.

The library of the Marquis de Morante consisted at the time of his death of 21,021 articles, comprising, according to M. Paul Lacroix, more than 120,000 volumes. First and foremost came the editions of the classics, and specially of the Latin classics. There were *Editiones Principes*, among them those of Cicero de Oratore, of Quintus Curtius (now in my possession), Valerius Maximus, Claudian, Orosius; other still rarer editions, the Livy of Udalric Gallus of 1469, the Martial of 1473; many other *incunabula*, including a large paper copy of the *Bible* printed at Naples by Moravus in 1476. Of editions and translations of, and dissertations on Horace, we find no less than 545; there are 117 editions of Sallust, 169 of Virgil, 93 of Terence, 89 of Ovid, 76 of Tacitus, 73 of Quintus Curtius. These figures will give some idea of the extent of the collection of Latin classics. The commentators and the critics are even more numerous. I know of no library except the Sunderland which is so rich in those of the sixteenth century. After

the classics and their commentators come the modern Latin writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, including a larger collection of modern Latin poetry than is, I think, to be found elsewhere. Early and rare books, written against the Church of Rome, the works of heretics, reformers, sectaries, and atheists, form by no means the least interesting or the least numerous section of the library—a section which one is surprised to find in a Spanish library, and in that of an orthodox Catholic, who died in faith after receiving the last sacraments of the Church. Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian books on all these subjects are numerous. Of Ochino, no less than seventeen articles appear in the catalogue, mostly original editions. Faustus Socinus, and Servetus are both well represented ; of the latter there is a truly remarkable collection. Numerous books in all classes of literature, in French, Spanish, and Italian, but I have only noticed three or four English books and none in German, though several of the Latin works of Luther are to be found.

Many of the books came from celebrated libraries ; a presentation copy from Joseph Scaliger of his *De emendatione temporum* to De Thou, with the autographs of both these eminent persons; between forty and fifty other examples of books, now so eagerly sought for, from the library and with the arms of De Thou. There were books from the collections of the kings, queens, dauphins, and princes of France, from those of popes, of kings of England and Spain, of Calvin, Philippe de Mornay, Cardinal Richelieu, Leonard Aretin, Cardinal Granvelle, the inquisitor Torquemada, of the great bibliophiles Longepierre, Maioli, Count de Hoym, Bishop Huet, and nearly every collector of this and the last century; books with the autographs of Colletet, Desportes, Robert Estienne, Malherbe, Ramus, Aldus the younger, Erasmus, Joseph Scaliger, and, as the marquis loved to persuade himself, of Rabelais and of Racine. Nor was the library less

rich in bindings. It included curious and splendid specimens of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—books bound by Clovis Eve in the sixteenth, by Le Gascon and Du Seuil in the seventeenth; by Boyet, Padeloup, Derome, and Bradel in the eighteenth, and by nearly every one of the eminent French binders of the nineteenth century, some in considerable numbers, and nearly all in excellent preservation. Of the books which were not thought by the marquis worthy of being sent to the great French binders, or which were not already bound, a large number were in the rich if not always tasteful binding of Schæfer, and others were bound by Gil, of Madrid, in mottled calf, or green or plum-coloured morocco, or in basane, a preparation of sheep most admirably and artistically prepared by Gil to imitate morocco. The arms of the marquis, with their eight quarterings and surmounted by the coronet of a marquis, were generally stamped in gold on the sides, in some cases with a monogram at the four corners. Above the arms were the words, "*J. Gomez de la Cortina et amicorum,*" and below, "*Fallitur Hora Legendo.*" The bookplate in the inside had sometimes the arms surmounted by a count's coronet, the words, "*Bibliotheca Cortiniana*" underneath, and on the three other sides, "*Egregios cumulare libros præclara supellex.*" Yet, although following the example of Grolier (of whose books no authentic specimen was possessed by the marquis) and of Maioli, he stated on the books themselves that they were for the use of his friends as well as himself, he was extremely unwilling to lend, or even to exhibit any of his treasures. If the volume asked for was a rare one, it was generally "at the binder's;" if a common and modern book, and especially if the applicant were a poor student, the marquis would not unfrequently buy a copy and present it to the would-be borrower.

Yet rich as was the collection of the Marquis de Morante,

and numerous as were the books—valuable by their beauty, their rarity, their magnificent bindings, or their intrinsic merits—there was something wanting to the perfection of the library. Of hardly any author, and in hardly any department, were the rarest of all editions to be found; there were but two books printed on vellum, and neither of them of much interest; one was a modern impression, the other a copy of the *Epistles of Raulin*, printed at Paris in 1521. Of the *Editiones Principes* of the Latin classics there were but few, and indeed hardly any of the rarest. Nor were the *Incunabula* generally of the highest degree of rarity. There was no Horace earlier than 1477; the first Virgil was dated 1492; the Cæsars commenced with the second edition, that of Jenson (1471); of Cicero the *De Oratore* of Sweynheym and Pannartz, of 1469, and the *De Finibus* (Venice), 1471, were the earliest and the only two of very much interest, while the early editions of the other Latin classics were still less worthily represented. Among the Aldines, though we find both editions of the *Hypnerotomachia* of Poliphile, there was neither the Horace, the Virgil, nor the Petrarch of 1501, and very few of the books printed by Aldus in the fifteenth century. It was in editions of the latter half of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the library was especially rich, and these, except when in splendid bindings or coming from the library of a celebrated person, do not, meritorious and interesting as many of them are, add to the glories of a library. Moreover, one singular feature of the collection, which certainly detracted to a large extent from its value, was the extraordinary number of common books and editions, represented not by duplicates or triplicates, but by a still greater number of copies. The *Lampas sive fax* of Gruter, is a book which one expects to find in the library of every classical scholar and student; it is a work which no one interested either in Latin criticism

or in literary history can conveniently dispense with, but it is neither rare, costly, nor a fine specimen of typography, yet no less than thirteen copies of the first edition (seven volumes, usually bound in seventeen) are to be found; and it is clear from the position of the book in the original catalogue and its successive supplements, that the Marquis de Morante bought a copy every time he met with one, and would probably have doubled the number had he lived long enough. Those that appeared in the last supplement to the catalogue, printed after the death of the marquis, are clearly inferior copies to those he already possessed, one of the finest of which, in his dark green basane, with gilt edges and his arms on the sides, now reposes on the shelves of my own library. Of the imperfect second edition (really a different work) in four volumes, folio, seven copies were in the library. Of the *De Charlataneria Eruditorum* of Mencken there were two copies of the edition of 1716, two of 1721, two of 1726, two of 1727, and three of 1747. Of the *Elegantiae* which passes under the name of Meursius there were three copies of the edition of 1678 and six copies of that of 1774. Of the *Polyhistor* of Morhof there were two copies of the best edition, that of 1747 (the finest of which I possess), and at least five of the earlier and really worthless editions of 1708 and 1714. Of the *Bibliotheca Latina* of Fabricius, of 1773, six copies, and seven of the *Zodiacus Vitæ* of Palingenius, of 1722. Of the *Lexicon Ciceronianus* of Nizolius there were numerous examples, including two copies of the edition of 1734 and four of the modern reprint of 1820. There were four copies of the poems of Lotichius Secundus of 1754, the same number of the Epistles of Casaubon of 1709, three copies of the Delphin Martial of 1680, of the works of Muretus of 1789, and of the Basle edition of Nonius Marcellus of 1842. Why the marquis should have desired to acquire these numerous copies of common books it is diffi-

cult to say, for, unlike Heber, who wished to have a complete library in every one of his various residences, the marquis, as I have before said, confined himself almost entirely to his house in Madrid.

It was in 1854 that the Marquis de Morante completed and caused to be printed the first volume of the catalogue of his library, with the following title: *Catalogus librorum Doctoris D. Joach. Gomez de la Cortina March. de Morante qui in ædibus suis exstant.** Successive volumes appeared in 1855, 1857 (two), 1859 (two), 1860, and 1862; and after the marquis's death a supplementary volume, the ninth, was printed in 1870. The book is one of the most remarkable, one of the most interesting, and one of the rarest catalogues in existence, and is perhaps the only catalogue of a great library compiled by the collector of the books himself. Five hundred copies only were printed, nearly the whole of which, bound in the green basane before mentioned and stamped with the arms of the marquis, were presented to private friends and public libraries, mostly in Spain.† The arrangement is alphabetical according to the name of the author. In the sixth volume, on p. 374, the first alphabet reaches its conclusion; a supplement, again in alphabetical order, extends to the rest of

* Though the title is in Latin, the notes and biographies which the catalogue contains are in Spanish.

† A copy was sold in the second sale in 1872 (No. 3005) for one hundred and ten francs, and an imperfect copy, six volumes only, I purchased at Sotheby's or Puttick's some eight or ten years since; but I am not aware of any other copy having come to the hammer or having appeared in any bookseller's catalogue. My own complete copy, bound in green basane and stamped with the Morante arms, was one of those retained by the marquis up to his death and sold with his library. It was used by M. Léon Scott de Martinville, who selected the books for the first three sales by auction, and who compiled the sale catalogue. I purchased it from M. Bihm, the bookseller in the Rue de Richelieu, to whom it was sold by M. Scott. M. Bihm found it a most useful book of reference for the purposes of his business, and it was only after repeated requests, and a protracted negociation, that he was induced to part with it. The Bodleian was long unable to procure a copy.

the sixth, the seventh, and a part of the eighth volume ; the remainder of the eighth is occupied by a second supplement ; while the ninth volume, which appeared in 1870, contains a further supplement, also alphabetical. But the arrangement is extremely faulty ; the alphabetical principle was not rigorously adhered to by the marquis. Books which have not the name of the author on the title page, however well known he may be, appear sometimes under the author's name, sometimes under the first or some subsequent word of the title. It is thus impossible to ascertain merely by referring to the name of the author, whether a copy of any book was possessed by the marquis. The same book will sometimes be found in different parts of the catalogue, in one place under the name of the author, in another under the title of the book. Numerous also are the books which, being bound together, are placed only under the name of the author of the one which comes first in the volume, for cross references are entirely wanting. Of the several editions of the same book, the intention of the author seems to have been to arrange them in chronological order, but in numerous instances earlier editions are postponed to later ones, and in the case of many authors, no principle is discernible in the arrangement of their several books and editions. Nor is there even any semblance of a system or principle in the mode in which the titles are given. Frequently—and this adds greatly to the value and utility of the catalogue—the full title page appears, sometimes only a meagre abridgment of it. Duplicates of the same book are often inserted under titles so different as to make it at first sight appear that they are different works, and an inferior and worthless edition often has a longer and more elaborate title than the best edition of the same book.

One most curious and interesting feature of the catalogue is that to every book the price which it cost the marquis is

appended. These vary greatly. Of the books purchased from Techener (usually from the catalogues of the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*) and other leading French booksellers, and of a considerable number of classical editions and commentaries of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the prices are high; yet of a large portion of the library—consisting partly as it would seem of the books which the marquis had bought in his earlier days, partly of classes of books like those of Ochino, Servetus, and other reformers and heretics, which have only recently become much sought after—we are astonished at the trifling sums which they had cost. Of the books bought from his collection for the British Museum, many fetched ten times the price which had been paid for them; but on the average, the full value had been given by the marquis, according to the prices of the time.

The great value and interest of the catalogue, however, consists of the numerous biographical and bibliographical notes and notices which it contains, and which vary in extent from half a line to two hundred and eighty pages, the longer notices being sometimes original articles, sometimes complete translations into Spanish of Latin or French lives of the authors in question.

In the first volume the notices seldom extend to more than a few lines, comprising references to Brunet, to the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, or short original descriptions of the books. The appendix to the second volume, of more than one hundred pages, contains a Spanish translation, with additions, of Nisard's life of Justus Lipsius, and succeeding volumes contain translations of the same author's lives of Scaliger and Casaubon. In the body of the third volume is an article of fifty pages devoted to Olympia Morata, one of nine pages to Muretus, one of seven pages to Navagero, one of eight pages to Bernard Ochino, besides numerous short notices, while an appendix of more than one hundred pages

is devoted to a biography of Don Manuel Marti, Dean of Alicante, a prolific Spanish writer. In the fourth volume is a long life of Aonio Palaeario (thirty-five pages), of Poggio Bracciolini (twenty-two pages), of Pontanus (ten pages), and an appendix containing, besides other matter, translations of Nisard's life of Scaliger, and an anonymous French life of Passerat. The fifth volume, which has no less than eleven hundred and fifty-three pages, contains lives of Sabellicus, Sadolet, and others, and an appendix containing a long life of Francisco Sanchez de Las Brozas (better known as Sanctius, author of *Minerva*) and extracts from his works; also a translation of M. Bonafous' life of Politian. The sixth contains long lives of Gerard and Isaac Vossius, Joannes Pierius Valerianus, Laurentius Valla, Gaspar Barlaeus, and Gaspar Barthius, while the appendix of two hundred and eighteen pages contains a life of Vida, by Don Gaspar Bono Serrano, and Vida's three books of *Poetics* in the original Latin, and a translation into Spanish verse. In the seventh volume are lives of Guillaume Canter, Giovanni de la Casa, Mathurin Cordier, Etienne Dolet (twenty-five pages, extracted from the work of Boulmier), and Gaspar Dornavius, and in the appendix a life of Leon de Castro, by Don Vicente de la Fuente. The eighth volume contains lives of Paul Jovio and Lotichius Secundus, and in the appendix a biography of Juan Sobrarias, with long extracts from his Latin poems. Moreover, to three of the volumes elaborate introductions are prefixed by Fr. Cutanda, Al. Mendiburu, and Rom. Goicoerrotea; while the fifth is preceded by an introduction to the study of literature, by Don Augustus Echavarria, who indulges in an amusing tirade against Protestant Bibles, Protestant missionaries, and Protestantism in general.*

* After saying that Protestantism is a mixture of egotism, pride, and wrong-headedness which is happily incomunicable to the Spaniards, and is steadily dying out, and after ridiculing Protestant Bishops with *Madame la Señora Bishopess* and their innumerable little cubs, he apostrophizes (in what he supposes to be English) "Patent-brandy and suggar, tee and butter *Missionaries!*"

But the longer lives and notices to which I have referred, do not exhaust the interest of the book. The short notes are perhaps more interesting than the long biographies, yet they do not in general reflect much credit upon the literary acumen or the bibliographical exactness of their author. They abound in errors, and seem frequently to have been extracted from Brunet, the *Bulletin du Bibliophile*, and other books, without their accuracy having been verified. Yet this censure does not apply to the whole. Many notes contain bibliographical matter which would be in vain sought for elsewhere, and are well worthy of being reprinted. Indeed a volume of no little interest might be compiled from the literary, biographical, and bibliographical notes which are scattered throughout the first eight volumes. And when all deductions are made for the imperfections which I have noted, the book will always remain of interest and importance, not only bibliographical, but also literary, and its compiler is certainly entitled to the benefit of the "*advertencia final*" with which the eighth volume terminates, and which I here translate :—

At last I have arrived at the end of my labour, and if I have not attained the success at which I originally aimed, and which some of my readers may have expected, at least I shall be credited with the good intentions which have induced me to undertake the work. To-day, when I finish a task much more arduous than we are accustomed to think a catalogue can be, may I not say with Ovid :

“Ablatum mediis opus est incudibus istud,
Defuit et scriptis ultima lima meis.
Et veniam pro laude peto laudatus abunde,
Non fastiditus si tibi, lector, ero.”

Occupations of various kinds to which from my youth upwards I have been obliged to give my attention, and latterly the infirm state of my health, have prevented me from devoting myself to this work with all the intensity and fervour which its special character required.

Those who are competent to form a judgment in this difficult branch of literature will not be surprised to find here and there an opinion too rashly expressed, a departure from the rigorous order of authors or subjects, a carelessness or solecism of style, which the intelligence of the reader will know how to correct. They will pardon other and more serious faults resulting from the

inherent imperfections of our wretched human nature, as when for example (at p. 398 of vol. v.), by a veritable *lapsus calami*, I have referred to Grolier and Maioli as *binders*.

As the compilation of this catalogue was undertaken without any idea of profit, and still less with the desire of displaying my learning (for there is nothing more opposed to my ideas and my character than to make a parade of my erudition), five hundred copies only have been printed, destined exclusively for my friends, or for other persons specially devoted to the studies of classical antiquity. I hope that, in spite of the unfavourable circumstances in which this catalogue has been arranged and compiled, it will open to its readers a wide field of investigation. In it will be found curious notices respecting a large number of works of merit, interesting and circumstantial details serving to illustrate the learning and character of eminent writers, and a vast arsenal for tracing the development of Latin literature in its different phases. The scarcity of works of this kind among us is what has most encouraged me to take up the pen. Even in the nations in which a marked preference has been shown for these studies, although biographies abound, biographical catalogues are wanting; and it is no doubt to this circumstance, rather than to its intrinsic merit, that my catalogue is indebted for the repeated compliments which it has had the good fortune to receive from the most eminent humanists of Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and other foreign capitals. Perhaps I shall be censured for having been too minute in certain of the biographies interspersed in the eight volumes which compose the work. But we must not lose sight of the fact, that in order to properly appreciate the labours of an author it is indispensable in some sort to identify ourselves with him; and nothing contributes so surely to this as the knowledge of certain characteristic traits which we meet with in his private life. These often make known to us the idea which was present in his mind and which guided his pen. Lastly, to those who reproach me with being too prolix in the specimens which I have given of certain authors, and particularly of poets who are little known and less studied, I shall repeat what the learned Dean of Alicante, Manuel Martí, has said in speaking of the works of learned antiquity: "E veterum nimurum scriptis nec voculam prætereuntum sine piaculo. Quemadmodum enim in quolibet speculi fragmanto rei objecte integra nobis species representatur, haud aliter in quantulacumque antiqui scriptoris superstite particula, prisca illius simplicetatis candoris, puritatis, leporis, elegantiæ imaginem perspicias."

Madrid, 31 Jan., 1862.

EL MARQUÉS DE MORANTE.

In the six years which elapsed between the publication of the eighth volume of his catalogue and his death, Don Joachim had acquired about five thousand further volumes, chiefly modern and of little interest. An alphabetical list of the titles and the prices given for them was printed in 1870, and forms the ninth and last volume of the catalogue.

The heirs of the Marquis de Morante having it may be

presumed neither taste for books themselves, nor any desire that so great a collection should be preserved in Spain, hastened to dispose of his library. In little more than a year after the death of its creator it was sold *en bloc* to M. Bachelin-Deflorenne, the well-known French bookseller, with a view to its sale by auction forthwith. The purchaser no doubt expected to obtain a large profit, since at that time fine books, like all other articles of luxury under the empire, were selling at great prices, though not approaching those which they have reached during the last two or three years. But unfortunately before the books could be removed to Paris, the Franco-German war broke out. The fall of the empire, the siege of Paris, and the troubles of the Commune left neither leisure nor taste for book sales. The Commune fell at the end of May, 1871. Soon book sales recommenced, and within six months the approaching sale of the choicest portion of the library of the Marquis de Morante was announced. A large part of the library was brought to Paris, and M. Léon Scott de Martinville, the accomplished librarian of M. Firmin-Didot (to whom we owe the fragment of the catalogue of M. Didot which appeared in 1867) was employed by Bachelin to select the books and to prepare the sale catalogue. The first sale took place at the Hotel Drouot, on the 27th of February, 1872, and ten following days.

The catalogue contained one thousand nine hundred and nine lots, comprising the rarest and the choicest volumes of the collection. There were manuscripts, illuminated books, books printed on vellum, *editiones principes*, books of figures books in rich and choice bindings, books with autograph notes, and others coming from the libraries of kings and princes and distinguished amateurs. But Paris had not sufficiently recovered from the shocks of the siege and the Commune for such a sale to be successful. The great majority

of the books possessed but little interest for the ordinary French collector, except what was given by their bindings or the celebrity of former owners. Early-printed French books, fine impressions of the French classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, are what the French bibliophile especially cares for. *Incunabula*, even the rarest and finest *editiones principes*, are comparatively little in demand in France, and the systematic neglect by the French of even their own countrymen who, in the sixteenth century, wrote in Latin has been often noticed. In England, where the taste for such books was and is much more extended and the demand much greater, there seems to have been no attempt to bring the sale to the knowledge of the collectors and booksellers; though even in England, ten years since, the demand for early-printed Latin books was far less than it is at present. In the *Bibliophile Français* for March, 1872, M. Bachelin-Deflorenne announced that 120,000fr. (£5,000) had been obtained at the sale, and added: "Le succès de la vente a dépassé toute attente." In reality the sale was a complete *fiasco*; for many of the books there was not a single *bond-fide* bid; many others, especially of the rarest, did not reach the very high reserved prices put on them by their owner, and about half were bought in by Bachelin or his agents.* Of the rare books, those in French, especially early Gothic editions and Protestant tracts, were generally sold, and fetched high prices, many of the former being no doubt bought for the Duc d'Aumale, and of the latter for M. Gaiffe. The principal purchaser, however, was Mr. Ellis, of Bond

* Though it was well known to the initiated, yet there was no public avowal of the fact, that the books sold were the property of Bachelin-Deflorenne, who assumed to be the *bond-fide* purchaser of the books which had been bought in by or for him. One of the least satisfactory features of the Paris book sales is the impossibility of knowing whether the bids are *bond-fide* or merely those of an agent employed by the vendor to run up the price. This was said to be the case to an enormous extent at the Didot sales, a large number of books which purported to be sold being really bought in for the vendors.

Street, who bought one hundred and thirteen lots for the British Museum* at an entire cost of £506—certainly very

* Mr. Ellis has been so obliging as to furnish me with a list of the books purchased by him for the Museum. They comprise several of the rarer tracts of the French and Italian reformers, and a few unusually fine and rare Incunabula, but with these exceptions were not perhaps books of much general interest. Those for which more than one hundred francs were paid were as follows:—
 (No. 26) *Quadernos Ystoricos de la Biblia*, printed by Jean de Tournes at Lyons in 1553, and which is remarkable as containing the first impressions of the wood-cuts of Solomon Bernard, being earlier than any of the editions in French. The marquis had paid for it only 180 reals, i.e., £1. 16s. It fetched 190fr.—(51) *Christiana Religionis arcana* of Thomas Elysius (1569), in a magnificent binding à la Grolier of the sixteenth century, 300fr. It had been purchased from Techener (*Bulletin du Bibliophile*, 1855, p. 197) for 250fr.—(99) *Orations of Caceres Pacheco*, 1570, the presentation copy to Pius V., to whom the book is dedicated, 260fr. Cost 250fr. (*B. du B.*, 1855, p. 122.)—(100) *Energuemicus* of B. Faye, 1571, in a splendid binding à la Grolier, 140fr. Cost 210 reals (£2. 2s.)—(112) *Calumnia nebulonis cuiusdam* and *Calvini responsio*, 1558, 150fr. Cost £2. 11s.—(113) *L'impidé huguenotte descoverte par Maistre Jehan Calvin*, 1656, 320fr. Cost 8s.—(115) *La Physique papale* of Viret, 1552, 190fr. Cost 15s.—(116) *Le Requiescant in pace de Purgatoire* of Viret, 1552, coming from the collections of Girardot de Prefond, Nodier, and Giraud, 420fr. Cost £2. 11s.—(118) *Exposition familière* of Viret, 1561, 255fr. Cost £1. 1s.—(126) *Anatomie de la messe* of P. Du Moulin, 1638, 140fr. Cost £2. 11s.—(135) *De l'institution, usage et doctrine du Saint Sacrement* of Philip de Mornay, 1598, the author's own copy, in the original brown morocco binding, with his initials and those of his wife on the sides and back, 300fr. Cost 13s.—(143) *De idolo Lauretano* of Vergerio, 1554, 140fr. Cost 120fr. (*B. du B.*, 1852, p. 808.)—(147) *Le Glaive du geant Goliath* of C. Leopard, 1561, an extremely rare pamphlet, 210fr. Cost 10s.—(148) A still rarer tract, *Sentence Decretale et condamnatoire au fait de la paillarde papauté*, 1561, 210fr. Cost 14s.—(185) *Ochino De Cana Domini*, 1556, 110fr. Cost £2. 2s.—(187) *Ochino Liber de Corporis Christi præsentia in Cana Sacramento*, 230fr. Cost £2. 10s.—(188) *De Arbore scientie* of S. Frank, 1561, 225fr. Cost 16s.—(204) *De exercitatione juris peritorum*, presentation copy to Julius III., with his arms, in magnificent binding, 185fr. Cost £6. 8s.—(264) *Caton, Les mots et sentences dorées*, Lyons, 1538, 110fr. Cost £3. 2s.—(273) Spanish translation of Petrarch, *De los remedios contra fortuna*, 1505, 160fr. Cost 19s.—(275) *Le doctrinal de Sapiencia* of G. Roye, 550fr. Cost £1. 6s.—(560 bis) Uncut copy of the *Grammatica latina* of Ramus, 1572, 160fr. Cost £5. 5s.—(1157) *De bragardissima villa de Solerii* of Antonio de Arena, Poitiers, 1546, 130fr. Cost £2. 13s.—(1245) *Celestina*, Lisboa, 1540, 240fr. Cost £2.—(1246) Same, Zaragoza, 1545, 200fr. Cost £3. 4s.—(1250) Same, Venice, 1525, 165fr. Cost £3. 8s.—(1251) Same, Venice, 1531, 116fr. Cost £2. 19s.—(1294) Noirot, *L'Origine des masques*, 1609, 160fr. Cost £2. 4s.—(1318) *Carcel de Amor* by Diego de San Pedro,

much less than the present value of the same books, but in excess, on the whole, of the amount which they had cost the marquis. The late M. Tross repeated several times to Mr. Ellis in the course of the sale: "*Monsieur vous êtes la Providence de la vente.*"

Nearly all the books at this sale were in fine bindings, and far superior on the whole in condition to the books in the Sunderland library, though not equal to those of the Beckford collection. Four books only passed 1000 francs. No. 967, a rare production of Geoffroy Tory of 1523, then and still believed to be unique, reached 1450 francs; No. 1459, the collection of French classics printed by Didot at the end of the last century, twenty-two volumes, quarto, green morocco, with the arms of the House of Orleans on the sides, reached 1250 francs; and No. 1529, a manuscript on vellum of the *Gesta* of Simon de Montfort, 1380 francs. Besides these, which appear to have met with *bonâ-fide* purchasers (at least I have not noticed them reappear in any of Bachelin's catalogues), No. 1719, the *Chronica Regni Aragonum*, a magnificent manuscript on vellum, was bought in by Bachelin at 1950 francs, and subsequently reappeared in several of his catalogues marked 2200 francs. But for a large number even of rare and interesting books in fine bindings there seems to have been no demand, as many of them were bought in at extremely small amounts. Of the celebrated

Burgos, 1526, 400fr. Cost £3. 4s.—(1320) *Question de Amor*, Medina del Campo, 1545, 195fr. Cost £1. 8s.—(1380) *Proverbia Gallicana*, Troyes, s.d., 110fr. Cost 15s.—(1477) *Pomponius Mela*, Salamanca, 1498, 875fr. Cost £2.—(1518) French translation of John Bale's lives of Bishops and Popes, 1561, 120fr. Cost 13s.—(1522) French translation of Hutten's life of Julius II., 1615, 120fr. Cost £1. 4s.—(1523) *Des faits et gestes du pape Jules III.* of Vergerio, 1551, 130fr.—(1525) *Dialogue et ung merveilleux parlement*, 1522, 800fr. Cost £3. 12s.—(1526) *Pontificius Orator*, 1524, 110fr. Cost 17s.—(1527) *Quivî e descripto quello ha exequire le oratore del Pontifice*, 1522, and other tracts, 160fr. Cost £2.—(1590) Saliat's French translation of Sallust's Orations, 1537, 150fr. Cost £3.—(1611) Spanish translation of Valerius Maximus, 1495, 260fr. Cost £6. 10s.

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Amatus Fornacius, which so long enjoyed the doubtful honour of being the original of the *Alcibiade Fanciullo*, but which is now recognized to be an altogether different and uninteresting book, the Marquis de Morante possessed two copies, one (No. 1353) bound up with several other books was knocked down for 10 francs, and the other (No. 2613 at the second sale) fetched only 11 francs; but I have been unable to trace either of them in the subsequent catalogues of Bachelin, though I can hardly believe that they were allowed to be sold for such small sums. A copy of the Dialogues of Jonas Philologus, bound by Padeloup (now in my possession), was bought in for 3 francs! It was subsequently marked 20 francs in Bachelin's catalogue. Of the books which reached more than 200 francs, the number at the first sale was only ninety-four; of these, sixteen were bought by Mr. Ellis, forty-two I have been unable to trace, and therefore assume that they also met with *bona-fide* purchasers, while no less than thirty-six were bought in and appeared in subsequent catalogues of Bachelin.

The second sale, comprising one thousand and sixty-four articles, took place in May, 1872, and a third of one thousand and thirty-nine lots in January, 1873; and although in each of these sales a certain number of books of the highest rarity and a large number in fine bindings were included, the prices obtained were extremely small, a still larger proportion than in the first sale having been bought in by Bachelin-Deflorenne.

Shortly after the second and third auctions, Bachelin published catalogues of rare books for sale, principally from the Morante library. The latter of these catalogues contained two thousand five hundred and fifty-six articles, about two-thirds of which are books which had been bought in at these three sales. The high prices at which they were marked by Bachelin, and the utter want of a demand for fine

Latin books in France, prevented a ready sale; most of them remained on hand and many reappeared in the catalogue of the same bookseller of 1875, but without finding purchasers. Ultimately those which still remained unsold were disposed of by auction at the Salle Sylvestre in April, 1875, generally at low prices, far below those at which they had been marked in Bachelin's catalogues, and in many instances at even lower prices than they had been bought in at in the sales of 1872.*

But an immense quantity still remained in his hands, and accordingly in 1878 and 1879 six thousand two hundred and thirty lots were brought to the hammer, in four sales, at the Salle Sylvestre. These successive sales, however, comprised only about two-thirds of the library. The remainder, consisting for the most part of books devoid of any interest, have been gradually disposed of by auction, without it even being stated that they came from the library of the Marquis de Morante. Thus has been dispersed the largest and one of the most important collections of books that has been formed within this century. Many of the rarest of the volumes are on the shelves of the British Museum, many others have been sold at subsequent sales at several times the prices they realized in 1872, and will no doubt hereafter reappear and will surpass the somewhat high prices at which they were valued by Bachelin-Deflorenne.

Of the commoner books there is hardly a catalogue of a French second-hand bookseller but contains some of them, while others have fallen so low in the world that they are

* I was a purchaser of a considerable number of books at the sale in 1875. A copy of the *Adagia* of Erasmus, 1556, in a magnificent contemporary binding, was bought in at the first sale (No. 1372) for 50fr.; it subsequently appeared in successive catalogues marked 80fr., and was purchased by me at the sale in 1875 for about 20fr. The *Editio Princeps* of Quintus Curtius, bought in at the second sale for 100fr. (and a copy of which sold at the Sunderland sale for £20), was marked in successive catalogues 270fr., and was purchased by me at the sale in 1875 for 41fr.

exposed on the Quais in Paris without finding a purchaser. All those indeed in the binding of the marquis and stamped with his arms will always have an interest for book collectors; but it is hardly likely that the mere fact of having formed one of the hundred and twenty thousand volumes of the Marquis de Morante will ever in itself be a distinction to a book.

[Of the choicer bindings engravings of thirty-seven were given in the sixth and seventh volumes of the *Bibliophile Français Illustré*. An article upon the marquis is given by M. Guigard in his *Armorial du Bibliophile*, Tome II., p. 135. A review of the great catalogue, from the pen of Gustave Brunet, will be found in the *Bulletin du Bibliophile* for 1862, pp. 1069 and 1401, and a short notice in *Le Bibliophile Illustré* of Berjeau for 1862, p. 156. To the first part of the sale catalogue of 1872 will be found prefixed three interesting articles, a brief biography of the marquis, by Señor Barbieri; a bibliographical appendix, signed Gustave P — i; and *Quelques mots sur la Bibliothèque du Marquis de Morante, et sur ce Catalogue*, from the pen of the Bibliophile Jacob, M. Paul Lacroix.]





ART, WEALTH, AND RICHES.*

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

ART, Wealth, and Riches are the words I have written at the head of this paper. Some of you may think that the two latter words, wealth and riches, are tautologous ; but I cannot admit it. In truth there are no real synonyms in any language ; I mean unless in the case of words borrowed from another tongue ; and in the early days of our own language no one would have thought of using the word rich as a synonym for wealthy. He would have understood a wealthy man to mean one who had plentiful livelihood, and a rich man one who had great dominion over his fellow-men. Alexander the Rich, Canute the Rich, Alfred the Rich ; these are familiar words enough in the early literature of the North ; the adjective would scarcely be used except of a great king or chief, a man pre-eminent above other kings and chiefs.

Now, without being a stickler for etymological accuracy, I must say that I think there are cases where modern languages have lost power by confusing two words into one meaning, and that this is one of them. I shall ask your leave therefore to use the words wealth and riches somewhat

* An address delivered at a joint conversazione of the Manchester Literary Club, the Manchester Academy of Fine Arts, and the Manchester Art Museum Committee, in the Royal Institution, March 6, 1883.

in the way in which our forefathers did, and to understand wealth as signifying the means of living a decent life, and riches the means for exercising dominion over other people.

Thus understood the words are widely different to my mind ; yet, indeed, if you say that the difference is but one of degree I must needs admit it ; just so it is between the shepherd's dog and the wolf. Their respective views on the subject of mutton differ only in degree.

Anyhow, I think the following question is an important one : Which shall art belong to, wealth or riches ? Whose servant shall she be ? or rather, Shall she be the slave of riches, or the friend and helpmate of wealth ? Indeed, if I put the question in another form, and ask is art to be limited to a narrow class who only care for it in a very languid way, or is it to be the solace and pleasure of the whole people, the question finally comes to this : Are we to have art or the pretence of art ? It is like enough that to many or even most of you the question will seem of no practical importance. To most people the present condition of art does seem in the main to be the only condition it could exist in among cultivated people, and they are (in a languid way, as I said) content with its present aims and tendencies.

For myself, I am so discontented with the present conditions of art, and the matter seems to me so serious, that I am forced to try to make other people share my discontent, and am this evening risking the committal of a breach of good manners by standing before you, grievance in hand, on an occasion like this, when everybody present, I feel sure, is full of good-will both towards the arts and towards the public. My only excuse is my belief in the sincerity of your wish to know any serious views that can be taken of a matter so important. So I will say that the question I have asked, whether art is to be the helpmate of wealth or

the slave of riches, is of great practical import, if indeed art is important to the human race, which I suppose no one here will gainsay.

Now I will ask those who think art is in a normal and healthy condition to explain the meaning of the enthusiasm shown of late years (which I am glad to learn the people of Manchester share) for the foundation and extension of museums, a great part of whose contents is but fragments of the household goods of past ages. Why do cultivated, sober, reasonable people, not lacking in a due sense of the value of money, give large sums for scraps of figured cloth, pieces of roughly-made pottery, worm-eaten carving, or battered metal-work, and treasure them up in expensive public buildings under the official guardianship of learned experts? Well, we all know that these things are supposed to teach us something; they are educational. The type of all our museums, that at South Kensington, is distinctly an educational establishment. Nor is what they are supposed to teach us mere dead history; these things are studied carefully and laboriously by men who intend making their living by the art of design. Ask any expert of any school of opinion as to art what he thinks of the desirability of those who are to make designs for the ornamental part of industrial art studying from these remains of past ages, and he will be certain to answer you that such study is indispensable to a designer.

So you see this is what it comes to. It is not to the best works of our own time that a student is sent; no master or expert could honestly tell him that that would do him good, but to the mere wreckage of a by-gone art, things which, when they were new, could be bought for the most part in every shop and market-place.

Well need one ask what sort of a figure the wreckage of our ornamental art would cut in a museum of the twenty-fourth century? The plain truth is that people who have

studied these matters know that these remnants of the past give tokens of an art which fashioned goods not only better than what we do now, but different in kind, and better because they are different in kind, and were made in quite other ways than we make such things.

Before we ask why they were so much better, and why they differ in kind and not merely in degree of goodness, I want you to note specially once more that they were common wares bought and sold in any market. I want you to note that in spite of the tyranny and violence of the days when they were fashioned, the beauty of which they formed a part surrounded all life ; that then, at all events, art was the helpmate of wealth and not the slave of riches. True it is that then as now rich men spent great sums of money in ornament of all kinds, and no doubt the lower classes were wretchedly poor (as they are now) ; nevertheless, the art that rich men got only differed in abundance and splendour of material from what other people could compass. The thing to remember is that then *everything* which was made by man's hand was more or less beautiful.

Contrast that with the state of art at present, and then say if my unmannerly discontent is not somewhat justified. So far from everything that is made by man being beautiful, almost all ordinary wares that are made by civilized man are shabbily and pretentiously ugly ; made so it would almost seem by perverse intent rather than by accident, when we consider how pleasant and tempting to the inventive mind and the skilful hand are many of the processes of manufacture. Take for example the familiar art of glass-making. I have been in a glass-house, and seen the workmen in the process of their work bring the molten glass into the most elegant and delicious forms. There were points of the manufacture when, if the vessel they were making had been taken straight to the annealing house, the

result would have been something which would have rivalled the choicest pieces of Venetian glass ; but that could not be, they had to take their callipers and moulds and reduce the fantastic elegance of the living metal to the due marketable ugliness and vulgarity of some shape, designed most likely by a man who did not in the least know or care how glass was made ; and the experience is common enough in other arts. I repeat that all manufactured goods are now divided into two classes ; one class vulgar and ugly, though often pretentious enough, with work on it which it is a mockery to call ornamental, but which probably has some wretched remains of tradition still clinging to it ; that is for poor people, for the uncultivated. The other class, made for *some* of the rich, intends to be beautiful, is carefully and elaborately designed, but usually fails of its intent partly because it is cast loose from tradition, partly because there is no co-operation in it between the designer and the handcraftsman. Thus is our wealth injured, our wealth, the means of living a decent life, and no one is the gainer ; for while on the one hand the lower classes have no real art of any kind about their houses, and have instead to put up with shabby and ghastly pretences of it which quite destroy their capacity for appreciating real art when they come across it in museums and picture-galleries, so on the other hand, not all the superfluous money of the rich can buy what they profess to want ; the only real art they can have is that which is made by unassisted individual genius, the laborious and painful work of men of rare attainments and special culture, who, cumbered as they are by unromantic life and hideous surroundings, do in spite of all manage now and then to break through the hindrances and produce noble works of art,—which only a very few people even pretend to understand or be moved by. This art rich people can buy and possess sometimes, but necessarily there is little

enough of it; and if there were tenfold what there is, I repeat it would not move the people one jot, for they are deadened to all art by the hideousness and squalor that surround them. Nor can I honestly say that the lack is wholly on their side, for the great artists I have been speaking of are what they are in virtue of their being men of very peculiar especial gifts, and are mostly steeped in thoughts of history, wrapped up in contemplation of the beauty of past times. If they were not so constituted, I say, they would not in the teeth of all the difficulties in their way be able to produce beauty at all. But note the result. Every-day life rejects and neglects them; they cannot choose but let it go its way, and wrap themselves up in dreams of Greece and Italy. The days of Pericles and the days of Dante are the days through which they move, and the England of our own day with its millions of eager struggling people neither helps nor is helped by them: yet it may be they bide their time of usefulness, and in days to come will not be forgotten. Let us hope so.

That, I say, is the condition of art amongst us; lest you doubt it, or think I exaggerate, let me ask you to note how it fares with that art which is, above all others, co-operative—the art of architecture to wit. Now, none know better than I do what a vast amount of talent and knowledge there is amongst the first-rate designers of buildings now-a-days; and here and there all about the country one sees the buildings they have planned, and is rejoiced by them. Yet little enough does that help us in these days when, if a man leaves England for a few years, he finds when he comes back half a county of bricks and mortar added to London. Can the greatest optimists say that the style of building in that half county has improved meanwhile? Is it not true, on the contrary, that it goes on getting worse, if that be possible? the last house built being always the vulgarest and ugliest,

till one is beginning now to think with regret of the days of Gower-street, and to look with some complacency on the queer little boxes of brown brick which stand with their trim gardens choked up amongst new squares and terraces in the suburbs of London. It is a matter of course that almost every new house shall be quite disgracefully and degradingly ugly, and if by chance we come across a new house that shows any signs of thoughtfulness in design and planning we are quite astonished, and want to know who built it, who owns it, who designed it, and all about it from beginning to end ; whereas when architecture was alive every house built was more or less beautiful. The phrase which called the styles of the middle ages "ecclesiastical architecture" has been long set aside by increased knowledge, and we know now that in that time cottage and cathedral were built in the same style and had the same kind of ornaments about them ; size and, in some cases, material were the only difference between the humble and the majestic building. And it will not be till this sort of beauty is beginning to be once more in our towns, that there will be a real school of architecture, till every little chandler's shop in our suburbs, every shed run up for mere convenience is made without effort fit for its purpose, and beautiful at one and the same time. Now just think what a contrast that makes with our present way of housing ourselves. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of a town all of whose houses are beautiful, at least unless you have seen (say) Rouen or Oxford thirty years ago. But what a strange state art must be in when we either won't or can't take any trouble to make our houses fit for reasonable human beings to live in. Cannot, I suppose : for once again, except in the rarest cases, rich men's houses are no better than common ones. Excuse an example of this, I beg you. I have lately seen Bournemouth, the watering place south-west of the

New Forest. It is a district (scarcely a town) of rich men's houses. There was every inducement there to make them decent, for the place, with its sandy hills and pine trees, gave really a remarkable site. It would not have taken so very much to have made it romantic. Well, there stand these rich men's houses among the pine trees and gardens, and not even the pine trees and gardens can make them tolerable. They are (you must pardon me the word) simply blackguardly, and while I speak they are going on building them by the mile.

And now why cannot we amend all this? Why cannot we have, for instance, simple and beautiful dwellings fit for cultivated, well-mannered men and women, and not for ignorant, purse-proud digesting machines? You may say because we don't wish for them, and that is true enough; but that only removes the question a step further, and we must ask why don't we care about art? Why has civilized society in all that relates to the beauty of man's handiwork degenerated from the time of the barbarous, superstitious, unpeaceful middle ages? That is indeed a serious question to ask, involving questions still more serious, and the mere mention of which you may resent if I should be forced to speak of them.

I said that the relics of past art which we are driven to study now-a-days are of a work which was not merely better than what we do now, but differ in kind from it. Now this difference in kind explains our shortcomings so far, and leaves us only one more question to ask: How shall we remedy the fault? For the kind of the handiwork of former times down to at least the time of the renaissance was intelligent work, whereas ours is unintelligent work, or the work of slaves; surely this is enough to account for the worsening of art, for it means the disappearance of popular art from civilization. Popular art—that is the art which is made by the co-operation of many minds and hands varying

in kind and degree of talent, but all doing their part in due subordination to a great whole, without anyone losing his individuality—the loss of such an art is surely great, nay inestimable. But hitherto I have only been speaking of the lack of popular art as a grievous loss as a part of wealth ; I have been considering the loss of the thing itself, the loss of the humanizing influence which the daily sight of beautiful handiwork brings to bear upon people ; but now, when we are considering the way in which that handiwork *was* done, and the way in which it *is* done, the matter becomes far more serious still. For I say unhesitatingly that the intelligent work which produced real art was pleasant to do, was human work, not over burdensome or degrading ; whereas the unintelligent work, which produces sham art, is irksome to do, it is unhuman work, burdensome and degrading ; so that it is but right and proper that it should turn out nothing but ugly things. And the immediate cause of this degrading labour, which oppresses so large a part of our people, is the system of the organization of labour, which is the chief instrument of the great power of modern Europe—competitive commerce. That system has quite changed the way of working in all matters that can be considered as art, and the change is a very much greater one than people know of or think of. In times past these handicrafts were done on a small, almost a domestic, scale by knots of workmen who mostly belonged to organized guilds, and were taught their work soundly, however limited their education was in other respects ; there was little division of labour among them ; the grades between master and man were not many ; a man knew his work from end to end, and felt responsible for every stage of its progress. Such work was necessarily slow to do and expensive to buy, neither was it always finished to the nail ; but it *was* always intelligent work ; there was a man's mind in it always, and abundant

tokens of human hopes and fears, the sum of which makes life for all of us.

Now think of any kind of manufacture which you are conversant with, and note how differently it is done now-a-days ; almost certainly the workmen are collected in huge factories, in which labour is divided and subdivided, till a workman is perfectly helpless in his craft if he finds himself without those above to feed his work, those below to be fed by it. There is a regular hierarchy of masters over him—foreman, manager, clerk, and capitalist, every one of whom is more important than he who does the work. Not only is he not asked to put his individuality into his share of the work, but he is not allowed to. He is but part of a machine, and has but one unvarying set of tasks to do ; and when he has once learned these, the more regularly and with the less thought he does them, the more valuable he is. The work turned out by this system is speedily done, and cheap to buy. No wonder, considering the marvellous perfection of the organization of labour that turns it out, and the energy with which it is carried through. Also, it has a certain high finish, and what I should call shop-counter look, quite peculiar to the wares of this century ; but it is of necessity utterly unintelligent, and has no sign of humanity on it ; not even so much as to show weariness here and there which would imply that one part of it was pleasanter to do than another. Whatever art or semblance of art is on it has been doled out with due commercial care, and applied by a machine, human or otherwise, with exactly the same amount of interest in the doing it as went to the non-artistic parts of the work. Again, I say, that if such work were otherwise than ugly and despicable to look at one's sense of justice would be shocked ; for the labour which went to the making of it was thankless and unpleasurable, little more than a mere oppression on the workman.

Must this sort of work last for ever? As long as it lasts the mass of the people can have no share in art; the only handicraftsmen who are free are the artists, as we call them to-day, and even they are hindered and oppressed by the oppression of their fellows. Yet, I know that this machine-organized labour is necessary to competitive commerce; that is to say, to the present constitution of society; and probably most of you think that speculation on a root and branch change in that is mere idle dreaming. I cannot help it; I can only say that that change must come, or, at least, be on the way before art can be made to touch the mass of the people. To some that may seem an unimportant matter. One must charitably hope that such people are blind on the side of art, which I imagine is by no means an uncommon thing; and that blindness will entirely prevent them from understanding what I have been saying as to the pleasure which a good workman takes in his handiwork. But all those who know what art means will agree with me in asserting that pleasure is a necessary companion to the making of everything that can be called a work of art. To those, then, I appeal and ask them to consider if it is fair and just that only a few among the millions of civilization shall be partakers in a pleasure which is the surest and most constant of all pleasures, the unfailing solace of misfortune, happy and honourable work. Let us face the truth, and admit that that society which allows little other human and undegrading pleasure to the greater part of its toilers save the pleasure that comes of rest after the torment of weary work—that such a society should not be stable if it is; that it is but natural that such a society should be honeycombed with corruption and sick with oft-repeated sordid crimes.

Anyhow, dream or not as we may about the chances of a better kind of life which shall include a fair share of art for

most people, it is no dream, but a certainty, that change is going on around us, though whitherward the change is leading us may be a matter of dispute. Most people though, I suppose, will be inclined to think that everything tends to favour the fullest development of competitive commerce and the utmost perfection of the system of labour which it depends upon. I think that is likely enough, and that things will go on quicker and quicker till the last perfection of blind commercial war has been reached ; and then ?—may the change come with as little violence and suffering as may be.

It is the business of all of us to do our best to that end of preparing for change, and so softening the shock of it ; to leave as little as possible that *must* be destroyed to be destroyed suddenly and by violence of some sort or other.

And in no direction, it seems to me, can we do more useful work in forestalling destructive revolution than in being beforehand with it in trying to fill up the gap that separates class from class. Here is a point surely where competitive commerce has disappointed our hopes ; she has been ready enough to attack the privilege of feudalism, and successful enough in doing it, but in levelling the distinctions between upper and middle classes, between gentleman and commoner, she has stopped as if enough had been done ; for, alas, most men will be glad enough to level down to themselves, and then hold their hands obstinately enough. But note what stopping short here will do for us. Is seems to me more than doubtful if we go no further whether we had better have gone as far ; for the feudal and hierarchical system under which the old guild brethren whose work I have been praising lived, and which undoubtedly had something to do with the intelligence and single-heartedness of their work—this system, while it divided men rigorously into castes, did not actually busy itself to degrade them, by forcing on them violent contrasts of cultivation and ignorance. The

difference between lord and commoner, noble and burgher, was purely arbitrary ; but how does it fare now with the distinction between class and class ? Is it not the sad fact that the difference is no longer arbitrary but real ? Down to a certain class, that of the educated gentleman, as he is called, there is indeed equality of manners and bearing, and if the commoners still choose to humble themselves and play the funkey, that is their own affair ; but below that class there is, as it were, the stroke of a knife, and gentleman and non-gentleman divide the world.

Just think of the significance of one fact : that here in England in the nineteenth century, among all the shouts of progress that have been raised for many years, the greater number of people are doomed by the accident of their birth to misplace their h's ; that there are two languages talked in England : gentleman's English and workman's English. I do not care who gainsays it, I say that this is barbarous and dangerous ; and it goes step by step with the lack of art which the same classes are forced into ; it is a token, in short, of that vulgarity, to use a hateful word, which was not in existence before modern times and the blossoming of competitive commerce.

Nor, on the other hand, does modern class-division really fall much short of the caste system of the middle ages. It is pretty much as exclusive as that was. Excuse an example : I was talking with a lady friend of mine the other day who was puzzled as to what to do with her growing son, and we discussed the possibility of his taking to one of the crafts, trades as we call them now : say cabinet-making. Now neither of us was much cumbered with social prejudices, both of us had a wholesome horror of increasing the army of London clerks, yet we were obliged to admit that unless a lad were of strong character and could take the step with his own eyes open and face the consequences on his own account,

the thing could not be done; it would be making him either a sort of sloppy amateur or an involuntary martyr to principle. Well, really, after that we do not seem to have quite cast off even the mere mediæval superstition founded, I take it, on the exclusiveness of Roman landlordism (for our Gothic forefathers were quite free from the twaddle) that handiwork is a degrading occupation. At first sight the thing seems so monstrous that one almost expects to wake up from a confused dream and find ourselves in the reign of Henry VIII., with the whole paraphernalia in full blossom, from the divine right of kings downwards. Why in the name of patience should a carpenter be a worse gentleman than a lawyer? His craft is a much more useful one, much harder to learn, and at the very worst even in these days much pleasanter; and yet, you see, we gentlemen and ladies durst not set our sons to it unless we have found them to be enthusiasts or philosophers who can accept all consequences and despise the opinion of the world, in which case they will lie under the ban of that terrible adjective, "eccentric."

Well, I have thought we might deduce part of this folly from a superstition of past ages, that it was partly a remnant of the accursed tyranny of ancient Rome; but there is another side to the question which puts a somewhat different face upon it. I bethink me that amongst other things the lady said to me, "You know, I wouldn't mind a lad being a cabinet-maker if he only made 'art' furniture."

Well, there you see! she naturally, as a matter of course, admitted what I have told you this evening is a fact, that even in a craft so intimately connected with fine art as cabinet-making there could be two classes of goods, one the common one, quite without art; the other exceptional and having a sort of artificial art, so to say, tacked on to it. But furthermore, the thought that was in her mind went tolerably deep into the matter, and cleaves close to our subject; for in

fact these crafts are so mechanical as they are now carried on, that they don't exercise the intellectual part of a man—no, scarcely at all ; and perhaps after all, in these days, when privilege is on its death-bed, that has something to do with the low estimate that is made of them. You see, supposing a young man to enter the cabinet-maker's craft, for instance (one of the least mechanical, even at present), when he had attained to more than average skill in it, his next ambition would be "to better himself," as the phrase goes ; *i.e.*, either to take to some other occupation, thought more gentlemanly, or to become, not a master cabinet-maker, but a capitalist employer of cabinet-makers. Thus the crafts lose their best men because they have not in themselves due reward for excellence. Beyond a certain point you cannot go, and that point is not set high enough. Understand, by reward I don't mean only money wages, but social position, leisure, and, above all, the self-respect which comes of our having the opportunity of doing remarkable and individual work useful for one's fellows to possess and pleasant for oneself to do ; work which at least deserves thanks, whether it gets them or not. Now, mind you, I know well enough that it is the custom of people when they speak in public to talk largely of the dignity of labour and the esteem in which they hold the working classes, and I suppose while they are speaking they believe what they say ; but will their respect for the dignity of labour bear the test I have been speaking of? to wit, will they, can they, being of the upper or middle classes, put their sons to this kind of labour? Do they think that, so doing, they will give their children a good prospect in life? It does not take long to answer that question, and I repeat that I consider it a test question ; therefore I say that the crafts are distinctly marked as forming part of a lower class, and that this stupidity is partly the remnant of the prejudices of the hierarchical society of the middle ages,

but also is partly the result of the reckless pursuit of riches, which is the main aim of competitive commerce. Moreover this is the worst part of the folly, for the mere superstition would of itself wear away, and not very slowly either, before political and social progress ; but the side of it which is fostered by competitive commerce is more enduring, for there is a reality about it. The crafts really *are* degraded, and the classes that form them are only kept sweet by the good blood and innate good sense of the workmen as men, out of their working hours, and by their strong political tendencies, which are wittingly or unwittingly at war with competitive commerce, and may, I hope, be trusted slowly to overthrow it.

Meanwhile, I believe this degradation of craftsmanship to be necessary to the perfection and progress of competitive commerce—the degradation of craftsmanship, or, in other words, the extinction of art. That is such a heavy accusation to bring against the system, that, crazy as you may think me, I am bound to declare myself in open rebellion against it ; against, I admit it, the mightiest power which the world has ever seen. Mighty, indeed, yet mainly to destroy, and therefore I believe short-lived ; since all things which are destructive bear their own destruction with them. And now I want to get back before I finish to my first three words, Art, Wealth, and Riches. I can conceive that many people would be like to say to me, you declare yourself in rebellion against the system which creates wealth for the world. It is just that which I deny ; it is the destruction of wealth of which I accuse competitive commerce. I say that wealth, or the material means for living a decent life, is created in spite of that system, not because of it. To my mind real wealth is of two kinds : the first kind, food, raiment, shelter, and the like ; the second, matters of art and knowledge ; that is, things good and necessary for the body,

and things good and necessary for the mind. Many other things than these is competitive commerce busy about, some of them directly injurious to the life of man, some merely encumbrances to its honourable progress; meanwhile the first of these two kinds of real wealth she largely wastes, the second she largely destroys. She wastes the first by unjust and ill-managed distribution of the power of acquiring wealth, which we call shortly money; by urging people to the reckless multiplication of their kind, and by gathering population into unmanageable aggregations to satisfy her ruthless greed, without the least thought of their welfare.

As for the second kind of wealth—mental wealth, in many ways she destroys it; but the two ways which most concern our subject to-night are these: first, the reckless destruction of the natural beauty of the earth, which compels the great mass of the population in this country at least to live amidst ugliness and squalor so revolting and disgusting that we could not bear it unless habit had made us used to it; that is to say, unless we were far advanced on the road towards losing some of the highest and happiest qualities which have been given to men. But the second way by which competitive commerce destroys our mental wealth is yet worse: it is by the turning of almost all handcraftsmen into machines; that is to say, compelling them to work which is unintelligent and unhuman, a mere weariness to be borne for the greater part of the day; thus robbing men of the gain and victory which long ages of toil and thought had won from stern hard nature and necessity—man's pleasure and triumph in his daily work.

I tell you it is not wealth which our civilization has created, but riches; with its necessary companion *poverty*; for riches cannot exist without poverty, or, in other words, slavery. All rich men must have someone to do their dirty work, from the collecting of their unjust rents, to the sifting

of their ash heaps. Under the dominion of riches we are masters and slaves instead of fellow-workmen as we should be.

If competitive commerce creates wealth, then should England surely be the wealthiest country in the world, as I suppose some people think it is, and as it is certainly the richest; but what shabbiness is this rich country driven into? I belong, for instance, to a harmless little society whose object is to preserve for the public now living and to come the wealth which England still possesses in historical and beautiful buildings; and I could give you a long and dismal list of buildings which England, with all her riches, has not been able to save from commercial greed in some form or another. "It's a matter of money" is supposed to be an unanswerable argument in these cases, and indeed we generally find that if we answer it our answer is cast on the winds. Why to this day in England (in England only, I believe, amongst civilized countries) there is no law to prevent a madman or an ignoramus from pulling down a house which he chooses to call his private property, though it may be one of the treasures of the land for art and history.

Or again, of how many acres of common land has riches robbed the country, even in this century? a treasure irreplaceable, inestimable, in these days of teeming population. Yet where is the man who dares to propose a measure for the reinstatement of the public in its rights in this matter?

How often, once more, have railway companies been allowed, for the benefit of the few, to rob the public of treasures of beauty that can never be replaced, owing to the cowardly and anarchical maxims which seem always to be favoured by those who should be our guardians herein; but riches has no bowels except for riches.

Or you of this part of the country, what have you done with Lancashire? It does not seem to me to be above

ground. I think you must have been poor indeed to have been compelled to bury it. Were not the brown moors and the meadows, the clear streams and the sunny skies wealth? Riches has made a strange home for you. Some of you, indeed, can sneak away from it sometimes to Wales, to Scotland, to Italy; some, but very few. I am sorry for you; and for myself too, for that matter, for down by the Thames side there we are getting rid of the earth as fast as we can also; most of Middlesex, most of Surrey, and huge cantels of Essex and Kent are buried mountains deep under fantastic folly or hideous squalor; and no one has the courage to say: "Let us seek a remedy while any of our wealth in this kind is left us."

Or, lastly, if all these things may seem light matters to some of you, grievously heavy as they really are, no one can think lightly of those terrible stories we have been hearing lately of the housing of poor people in London; indeed and indeed no country which can bear to sit quiet under such grievances has any right to be called wealthy. Yet you know very well that it will be long indeed before any party or any government will have the courage to face the subject, dangerous as they must needs know it is to shut their eyes to it.

And what is to amend these grievances? You must not press me too close on that point. I believe I am in such a very small minority on these matters that it is enough for me if I find here and there some one who admits the grievances; for my business herein is to spread discontent. I do not think that this is an unimportant office; for, as discontent spreads, the yearning for bettering the state of things spreads with it, and the longing of many people, when it has grown deep and strong, melts away resistance to change in a sure, steady, unaccountable manner. Yet I will, with your leave, tell the chief things which I really want to see

changed, in case I have not spoken plainly enough hitherto, and lest I should seem to have nothing to bid you to but destruction—the destruction of a system by some thought to have been made to last for ever.

I want, then, all persons to be educated according to their capacity, not according to the amount of money which their parents happen to have. I want all persons to have manners and breeding according to their innate goodness and kindness, and not according to the amount of money which their parents happen to have. As a consequence of these two things I want to be able to talk to any of my countrymen in his own tongue freely, and feeling sure that he will be able to understand my thoughts according to his innate capacity ; and I also want to be able to sit at table with a person of any occupation without a feeling of awkwardness and constraint being present between us.

I want no one to have any money except as due wages for work done ; and, since I feel sure that those who do the most useful work will neither ask nor get the highest wages, I believe that this change will destroy that worship of a man for the sake of his money, which everybody admits is degrading, but which very few indeed can help sharing in.

I want those who do the rough work of the world—sailors, miners, ploughmen, and the like—to be treated with consideration and respect, to be paid abundant money-wages, and to have plenty of leisure.

I want modern science, which I believe to be capable of overcoming all material difficulties, to turn from such preposterous follies as the invention of anthracine colours and monster cannon to the invention of machines for performing such labour as is revolting and destructive of self-respect to the men who now have to do it by hand.

I want handicraftsmen proper, *i.e.*, those who make wares, to be in such a position that they may be able to refuse to

make foolish and useless wares, or to make the cheap and nasty wares which are the mainstay of competitive commerce, and are indeed slave-wares, made by and for slaves.

And in order that the workmen may be in this position, I want division of labour restricted within reasonable limits, and men taught to think over their work and take pleasure in it. I also want the wasteful system of middlemen restricted, so that workmen may be brought into contact with the public, who will thus learn something about their work, and so be able to give them due reward of praise for excellence.

Furthermore, I want the workmen to share the good fortunes of the business which they uphold, in due proportion to their skill and industry, as they must in any case share its bad fortunes. To which end it would be necessary that those who organize their labour should be paid no more than due wages for *their* work, and should be chosen for their skill and intelligence, and not because they happen to be the sons of money bags.

Also, I want this—and, if men were living under the conditions I have just claimed for them, I should get it—that these islands which make the land we love should no longer be treated as here a cinder heap, and there a game preserve, but as the fair green garden of Northern Europe, which no man on any pretence should be allowed to befoul or disfigure.

Under all these conditions I should certainly get the last want accomplished which I am now going to name. I want all the works of man's hand to be beautiful, rising in fair and honourable gradation from the simplest household goods to the stately public building, adorned with the handiwork of the greatest masters of expression which that real new birth and the day-spring of hope come back will bring forth for us.

These are the foundations of my Utopia, a city in which riches and poverty will have been conquered by wealth; and however crazy you may think my aspirations for it, one thing at least I am sure of, that henceforward it will be no use looking for popular art except in such an Utopia, or at least on the road thither; a road which, in my belief, leads to peace and civilization, as the road away from it leads to discontent, corruption, tyranny, and confusion.

Yet it may be we are more nearly on the road to it than many people think; and however that may be, I am cheered somewhat by thinking that the very small minority to which I belong is being helped by everyone who is of goodwill in social matters. Everyone who is pushing forward education helps us; for education, which seems such a small power to classes which have been used to some share of it for generations, when it reaches those who have grievances which they ought not to bear, spreads deep discontent among them, and teaches them what to do to make their discontent fruitful.

Everyone who is striving to extinguish poverty is helping us; for one of the greatest causes of the dearth of popular art and the oppression of joyless labour is the necessity that is imposed on modern civilization for making miserable wares for miserable people, for the slaves of competitive commerce.

All who assert public rights against private greed are helping us; every foil given to common stealers, or railway-Philistines, or smoke-nuisance-breeders, is a victory scored to us.

Everyone who tries to keep alive traditions of art by gathering together relics of the art of bygone times—still more, if he is so lucky as to be able to lead people by his own works to look through Manchester smoke and squalor to fair scenes of unspoiled nature or deeds of past history—is helping us.

Everyone who tries to bridge the gap between the classes, by helping the opening of museums and galleries and gardens and other pleasures which can be shared by all, is helping us.

Everyone who tries to stir up intelligence in their work in workmen—and more especially everyone who gives them hope in their work and a sense of self-respect and responsibility to the public in it, by such means as industrial partnerships and the like—is helping the cause most thoroughly.

These, and such as these, are our helpers, and give us a kind of hope that the time may come when our views and aspirations will no longer be considered rebellious, and when competitive commerce will be lying in the same grave with chattel slavery, with serfdom, and with feudalism.

Or rather, certainly the change will come, however long we shall have been dead by then ; how, then, can we prevent it coming with violence and injustice that will breed other grievances in time to be met by fresh discontent ? Once again, how good it were to destroy all that must be destroyed gradually and with a good grace.

Here in England we have a fair house full of many good things, but cumbered also with pestilential rubbish. What duty can be more pressing than to carry out the rubbish piecemeal and burn it outside, lest some day there be no way of getting rid of it but by burning it up inside with the goods and house and all ?





NOTES ON SOME
EARLY DEEDS, PEDIGREE ROLLS, &c.,
RELATING TO CHESHIRE AND LANCASHIRE.

BY J. P. EARWAKER, M.A., F.S.A.

A FEW notes on some early deeds, &c., relating to Cheshire and Lancashire will probably be of service to those who take an interest in the past history of these two counties. The deeds selected are the property of Capt. Egerton Leigh, of the West Hall, High Leigh, Cheshire, the present High Sheriff of the county, and they form a very small portion of the large collection of deeds, three or four hundred in number, which he kindly entrusted to me for examination and arrangement.* I would premise at the outset that there are two old families of the name of Legh or Leigh living at High Leigh (between Lymm and Knutsford), and there keeping up two separate establishments—the two large mansions, the East Hall and the West Hall, with their two chapels or churches being only a stone's throw from the other. In the

* Mr. Earwaker exhibited many of the deeds, &c., here described, at the meeting of the Manchester Literary Club, held on Feb. 6, 1883, where they excited much interest.

Omibus et quos per sepius fuerint eis homines fit. Vnde crucifixus natus de Buddeworthi satellit in domo
sempiternam. Postulans me Buddeworthi et propter me et filios meos fratibus meos quicquidam natus est Galfridus
filio et filio Galfridi de Dictoni domo de Buddeworthi de Jul et hederat suam rotam etiam quoniam
habuit et quoniam aliud calix consenserit hunc portum in Buddeworthi cum parvus et una cum omnibus
sacerdotibus que sunt inde habuit et quod ergo deus Christus vel fratres mei vel aliquis fure non vel ex parte
nra in deo etra cum precibus aliquibus iuris vel clamans exigit vel vindicare deo non potius
et ad maiorem huius regni securitate hoc est ipsius negotii mei omnimaculat dolorum. Hunc Galfridus
Dominus Reginaldo et Gero et Justo et Godeboto eton de Graceby. Dominus Ricardus de Wyc
ham et vicecomitem de Glastonbury Galfridus de Glastonbury. Galfridus de Glastonbury et Godeboto de Wyc
ham de Lime peregrino de Glastonbury et Godeboto aliis.

QUIT CLAIM OF LANDS IN BUDWORTH, CO. CHESTER FROM THOMAS, SON OF

WILLIAM, THE CRUSADOR, OF BUDWORTH TO GEOFFREY, SON OF GEOFFREY DE DUTTON, C 1271.

one case the family of the East Hall, now represented by *Lt.-Col.* Cornwall Legh, spell their name L.e.g.h without the *i*; and the family of the West Hall, now represented by *Capt.* Egerton Leigh, spell their name *Leigh*. Some clever verses have been written by the Rev. A. J. Richardson, the late incumbent of High Leigh, relating to these two halls and the two spellings of the same name, which are worth reprinting, as they are by no means generally known.

LINES ON HIGH LEIGH.

BY THE REV. A. J. RICHARDSON.

'Tis an odd state of things that a stranger would see,
 If he came on a visit chance to High Leigh;
 To his mind it would cause great confusion and bother,
 To find things so mix'd up the one with the other:
 Two Establishments separate, two Halls, and two Squires,
 Two parsons, two chapels, two bells, and two choirs!
 Whilst the magnates themselves couldn't fairly agree
 As to spelling correctly the name of "High Leigh;"
 One stoutly insisting on "i" with the "e,"
 The other on nothing between "e" and "g;"
 On map and on sign-post you'd meet with the "i;"
 P.O.O.'s were without it, and folks wondered why;
 Then the agent found out, when he took the big ledger down,
 The estates all mix'd up with the farms of Lord Egerton;
 And directions for letters and parcels were wrapp'd in
 A regular muddle 'twixt Colonel and Captain;
 For if to "The Hall" they should chance be address'd,
 It was doubtful if meant for the "East" or the "West;"
 But for rights of precedence 'twas doubtful which had 'em,
 For neither could trace up much further than Adam!
 So what you're about, be particular, please,
 For Cheshire is full of cats, cheeses, and Leighs,
 Leghs of Lyme, Leghs of Adlington, everything "Legh,"
 From the innermost bounds to the banks of the Dee;
 And from dropping a letter what comes there's no telling,
 So you'd best mind your "i," and look after your spelling.

High Leigh, 1870.

It is a general rule with these early deeds, conveyances, feoffments, &c., that the older they are the smaller they are.

The two smallest in this collection are only four-and-a-half inches long by two-and-a-half inches wide, and five inches by two-and-a-quarter respectively. They are both undated, but from the witnesses' names, &c., may be attributed without much error to between the years 1250 and 1270. One of them is plain, and the other is cut or indented at the top: the origin, it may be remarked, of our common legal word "indenture." The former is simply a grant of a messuage from Richard, son of Richard de Legh, to Richard, son of Hugh de Limme, and is as clear as when first written, the ink being still black; but the large seal of white wax which was once appendant has got loose, and is now kept by itself. The other, the indented one, is a copy of an agreement or fine (final concord, as the Latin, *finalis concordia*, literally means) which was made in the full Court of Chester before Thomas de Bolton, Justiciary of Chester, with many other important personages then present, whose names are given, between two persons, relating in this particular case, not to the Leghs, but to the Davenports. Two copies of this agreement were written at the same time, on the same piece of parchment, but in opposite directions, a space being left between the two, and then when each person had affixed his seal to one of the deeds, the parchment was cut in two in an *indented* line, and one deed was given to each person. In case then of any dispute in the future, each party had a copy of the deed to refer to, and the two documents could be compared together to see if the indentations *exactly* coincided one with another, as must of necessity be the case if they were the original deeds. Hence the opportunity of making or using *forged* deeds was prevented in a simple and yet very efficacious manner, as it would be impossible for any forger to so cut a forged deed as to fit into the indentations of another, which its owner kept most carefully in his own possession.

As already stated, these two early deeds are undated, as was commonly the rule before the year 1300, and not unfrequently as late as 1320, by which time an Act for the compulsory dating of these documents was in general operation. But occasionally a dated deed is met with, and these are of great use to the local historian, as enabling him by the names of the witnesses, &c., to fix the dates of other undated ones. Such is one in this collection which bears the date 1268, being another "final concord" made at Chester between Hugh de Legh (of the East Hall family) and Aytrop de Mulington, the ancestor of the family of Millington of Millington, co. Chester. To it is still attached the seal of Aytrop de Mulington and bearing an eagle. This deed, like the last, is indented; and, in addition to the indentations, certain letters have also been written and cut across at the same time. Such deeds are commonly called chirographs, and this would technically be described as the chirograph of a fine levied at Chester, &c., in 1268.

Two other deeds are worthy of notice, if only for their beautiful calligraphy, each letter and each word being as clear as print, and the ink as black as when they were first written, six hundred years ago. One of them, however, is also of special interest, as it describes a person as being "*cruce-signatus*," literally "signed by or with the cross," showing that he had taken the cross for a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, either as a militant crusader or as one who went simply to see the places associated with the origin of Christianity. The word is given in Ducange, but it is of comparatively rare occurrence in charters. It is, however, used in a well-known charter by the celebrated Randle Blundeville, Earl of Chester, granting certain privileges, &c., to his Cheshire barons. According to Matthew Paris, he made a voyage to Jerusalem in 1218, but before setting out he granted the above charter, and in it he styles himself "Ranulfus Comes

Cestriæ," and continues "Sciatis me *Cruce signatum*," &c.* A fac-simile of this deed bearing the name of Thomas son of William "*Cruce signati*," of Budworth co. Chester, is given in the accompanying plate, and as there appears he quit claims all his land in Budgeworth, with its appurtenances, to Geoffrey son of Geoffrey de Dutton, lord of Budgeworth. The witnesses to this deed are Sir (dño) Reginald de Grey, then Justiciary of Chester, Sir (dño) Thomas de Orreby, Sir (dño) Richard de Wyb'tham, then Sheriff of Cheshire, Sir (dño) Geoffrey de Chedle, Geoffrey de Burū, Robert de Hoxleg', Alan de Li'me, Peter the clerk of the same, and many other persons. Of these persons Reginald de Grey was Justice of Chester from 1270 to 1273, and from 1282 to 1300, and Richard Wilbraham was Sheriff of Cheshire in 1270 and 1271 (Sir Peter Leycester), which thus gives 1271 as the date of this interesting charter. It is worthy of note that when Mr. Beumont calendared the Arley charters for Mr. Egerton Warburton, in 1866, he met with the counterpart of this deed, which he refers to on p. xii and 9 of the privately printed account of these deeds.

The other charter, noticed on account of the beauty of the handwriting, is a release from Robert de Montalt, Seneschal of Chester, to Gilbert Gleyve and Eytrop de Sworton from any claim on the part of Hugh de Legh (of the East Hall family). The witnesses are rather curiously grouped together, thus, Sirs (dñis) Ralph de Montalt, Roger de Dumville, Patrick de Heslewalle, Patrick de Neston, clerks and knights, William de Bunebury, Alexander de Limme, Thomas de Limme,

* See Sir Peter Leycester, *Historical Antiquities*, p. 162-165. He translates these words thus, "Know ye that I being signed with the Cross," and quotes Spelman's explanation that those were said to be signed with the cross who had undertaken a voyage to Jerusalem in defence of the Holy Land, and as a badge of their warfare they wore a cross on their right shoulder.

William de Haurdin, John Tyeys, John de Paris, Richard de Coventre, Hamo the clerk, and many others.*

These and all similar deeds for the next three centuries were written and delivered in the presence of witnesses, whose names were placed at the end of the deed, and who were usually ranked in the order of their social standing, beginning with the knights, &c. As almost the only persons who in those days could write were the ecclesiastics, nearly all these deeds were written by them ; and many of them were so written after the festivals of the church, when the chief persons of the district would be present—a means of combining business with religion which is thoroughly English.

The nature of "fines" and the cause of their being indented has already been noticed, and the same explanation holds good in the case of all deeds between two persons, of which each kept one. Two deeds, both now in Mr. Leigh's possession, are particularly interesting in this respect that they relate to an exchange of lands between the two families of the West Hall and the East Hall, and that by a strange coincidence *both* chirographs are now in the same collection, and it is possible by putting them together to show that they fit exactly. This is the only instance where I have ever met with *both* deeds in the same collection and have been enabled to put them together. These are not dated, but were written about the year 1300, as one of the chief witnesses, Sir Richard de Mascy, knt., died in 1305. The seal to one of the deeds, bearing a *fleur de lis*, is quite perfect.

Another document of much interest is an *original* will of

* In the pedigree of Leigh of the West Hall, as recently printed by the Harleian Society (from *Harl. MS.*, 1424, f. 85^b and 86), *Visitation of Cheshire*, 1580, p. 143, a copy of this deed, with some others, is given. There are one or two clerical errors, thus—for "exiquert" read "exigere," and for "Weston" read "Neston," for "Banbury," "Bunbury."

very early date, 1306, in which year it was proved, &c., as shown by the endorsement on the back. It is that of William Danyers; and Thomas de Legh, of the West Hall, was one of the executors. It is written in a very bad hand, of course in Latin, commencing—"In nomine patris et filii et spiritus sancti ego Willelmus Deyners," &c. He desires to be buried at Lymm, and leaves many curious bequests to his relations and friends, and also to many of the religious houses at Chester and Warrington. This is the earliest *original* will I have so far met with, and its brevity and conciseness form a great contrast to modern wills. The size of the parchment on which it is written is only nine inches by four.

The following is a full translation of this curious will:—

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. I William Deyners making (*condens*) my will the Friday next after the feast of the decollation of St. John the Baptist [*i.e.*, Sept. 3] in the year of Our Lord 1306. First I leave my soul to God and my body to be buried (*ad sepelendum*) in the cemetery (*cymyterio*) of Saint Mary of Lymm and [my] best beast [to go] before my body and another beast at Boddeworth [Great Budworth] in the name of my principal goods (*nomine principaliorum*). Item to the Prior and Convent of Norton 20 shillings. To the bridge of Wever 10 shillings. Item to the brethren of Saint Augustine of Warinton [Warrington] half a marc, item to the rector of the church of Limme, namely Peter, two shillings. Item to the chaplain of Limme sixpence. Item to the chaplain of Werbirton sixpence. Item to the chaplain of Thomas de Legh sixpence. Item to the nuns of Chester (*monialibus Cestriæ*) half a marc. Item to Cicely my daughter ten sheep. Item to Agnes my daughter all my corn growing this year. Item to every my servant one pig. Item to every my godson (*cuilibet filiolo meo*) one sheep. Item to Margary my sister one cow. Item to Agnes my sister one cow. Item to Agnes my daughter one cow. Item to Magot [or Margaret] my daughter one cow. Item to Henry my son one ox and one cow. Item to the brethren of Saint Chad (*Sancti Taddei* (?)) sixpence. Item to the brethren of St. John at Chester sixpence. Item to the lights at St. Mary at Limme [that is lights burning on St. Mary's altar there] four shillings. Item to the lights of St. Nicholas of the same church twelve pence. To the three chaplains of Boddeworth twelve pence. Item to William the chaplain of Gropenthal sixpence. Item all my silver to Agnes my wife with all the utensils of my house (*cum omnibus utencilibus (sic) domus mee*). Item to Henry the smith (*fabro*) of Limme one robe of woollen cloth (*unam robam de burrelo*). Item to Roger the reaper (*messori*) of Thelewalle one over tunic of russet with a cape (*unam super tunicam de russelo cum capistro*). Item to Thomas the shepherd (*hercario*)

one tunic of russet. Item to Thomas the carter (*caretario*) my cloak with sleeves with [my] boots (?) (*colobium meum cum botis*). Item to Thomas de Modbirley one tunic of Latton (?) (*Latton' or Laccon'*). And whatever is the residue after the funeral and other necessary expenses and except five quarters of good corn (*duri bladi*) which is designed for the poor [I leave] in the disposition of my executors undernamed, namely Thomas de Legh and Agnes his wife and William de Flixton, whom I appoint my executors.

The will is endorsed—

This will was proved the Friday next before the feast of St. Michael the greater (*majori*) in the year of our Lord 1306 and administration was granted in the appointed form to the executors in the within will named, namely to Thomas de Legh and William de Flixton the elder.

To all of these deeds seals were appended, and very great importance indeed was attached to them. A deed without a seal was then, as now, invalid ; and I remember in one case (not in this collection) meeting with a deed in which it was stated that because the grantor's seal was not well known, he had also appended to it the seal of one of his friends, which was well known to every one.* The following deeds are worthy of notice because of their seals and the interest which attaches to them. They are also later in date than the previous ones, and are arranged chronologically.

The earliest of these is not only by far the most interesting from having such a fine seal attached to it, but it is historically important, as it is a grant in Norman-French from Philippa, the wife of Edward III., so well known to all school boys as the heroine of the tale, told by Froissart, of

* This deed occurred in the fine collection of Davenport deeds in the possession of W. Bromley Davenport, of Capesthorne, Esq., M.P., and is dated 14 February, 44 Edward III. [1370]. By it John de Wareyn, son and heir of the Lady Cecilia, widow of Edward de Wareyn, knight, releases to John de Davenport, of Wheltrogh, senior, and Margaret, his wife, all his claim, &c., to the manor of Wydford, now Woodford, in the parish of Prestbury. This charter concludes thus (translated) :—“ In testimony of which thing to this present my writing I have placed my seal, and because that seal to many is not known I have determined to place the seal of David de Calvylegh to the said writing.” David de Calvylegh [Calveley] was one of the witnesses then present. Both seals are still attached to this deed and are as perfect as when they were first made (see *East Cheshire*, ii. p. 270).

the burgesses of Calais, who appeared before Edward III. with ropes round their necks, and were only saved from execution by her pleadings. In this deed, dated at Westminster 23rd March, 1337, she styles herself "Philippa, by the grace of God, Queen of England, lady of Ireland, and Duchess of Aquitaine," and by it she grants to Ralph de Spain the lands of Jurdan Jodrell, in the High Peak in Derbyshire, which had been forfeited by him.* To this deed is attached the Queen's seal, one of the most beautiful I have ever seen, and very fairly perfect, except that the inscription is broken away. She is shown, a full length figure, holding the sceptre in her right hand, standing in a sort of canopied niche, whilst on her right-hand side is a shield of arms bearing the three lions passant of England, and on her left-hand side another shield bearing the four lions rampant of Hainault, her paternal coat. At the back of the seal is the impression of her private seal, a shield of arms, England *quartering* Hainault, within canopy work, a most interesting example of early heraldry, when the wife's coat was *quartered* with her husband's instead of being impaled. This very beautiful seal is, as far as I can learn, unique ; but a careful cast of it was taken in London last year, and is now in the British Museum. After all the vicissitudes of the last 550 years it is wonderful that it is so perfect as it still is. I am about to exhibit it before the Society of Antiquaries in London, by whom I hope it will be engraved.

After this the other seals seem tame by comparison, but still they have an interest of their own as being those of local Cheshire persons, and as being good examples of local heraldry. To a grant of lands by Geoffrey Mascy, of Wincham, is attached a seal bearing a chevron between three fusils, with a crescent on the chevron for difference, and the inscrip-

* I may add that the Leights married one of the heiresses of the Jodrells, and so this and many other Jodrell deeds came into their possession.

tion S. GALFRIDI. MASSYE. This deed is dated 1395. The seal is large and quite perfect. Two indentures in Norman-French, dated 1393, are noticeable. To the first is attached the beautiful heraldic seal of Peter de Legh, of Lyme, who was not one of the parties interested, but as the deed is dated at Macclesfield, he was probably present in some official capacity there, and so his seal came to be used. Another deed bears the coat of Holford, a chevron between three text T's, one derived from that of the Tofts (three text T's), from whom they directly descended. To another deed is attached the seal of Richard de Manley, the Earl of Chester's escheator, before whom all the inquisitions post-mortem, &c., were taken. This is dated 1408, and is particularly interesting as exhibiting the "panache" or tuft of feathers attached to the helm instead of a crest. Seals with this ornamentation are very rare. Another deed, dated 1412, has a seal with the arms of Whitmore.



SEAL WITH A STRAW INSERTED, 1413.

The seal attached to a deed dated 1413 is curious in this respect, that it is not heraldic, but seems to represent a sort of primitive beacon or iron cage, mounted on a stand, to hold a fire in, and round the seal, embedded in the wax, is twisted a portion of a reed or a stem of grass. This is an example I

have never previously met with, and I do not know the object for which this was done. I find, however, in the Arley charters that Mr. Beamont has met with one example of what he calls "a straw seal," which he states is number six in box nine, but unfortunately in his calendar of the deeds, this particular deed is not mentioned, so that the date cannot be given. In the *Eighth Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts*, p. 638, I see that Mr. J. H. Bennett, writing of the deeds, &c., belonging to Bishop Bubwith's Almshouses at Wells, in Somersetshire, says, "several of the seals of the fifteenth century have the peculiarity of a ring or twist of grass impressed into the wax around the edge of the impression." The only explanation I have hitherto met with is that this piece of grass or reed was placed there to protect the seal, which is obviously incorrect, because it would be placed on all seals, which is not the case.* The deed to which this curious seal is attached is a grant from William de Venables of Kynderton to Geoffrey de Mascy of Wymyncham (Wincham) of an annual rent of twenty shillings, payable during his life out of the lands of the grantor in Lacheford, dated 3rd July, 1 Henry V. [1413].

As is well known, the crest of the wide-spread family of Davenport is a felon's head couped or cut off at the neck, and having round the neck a halter. This, it is generally said, was symbolical of the authority of the Davenports of Davenport over the extensive Forest of Macclesfield, where they had the power of life and death. The earliest example I have at present met with of the use of this curious crest is in 1446; but in Mr. Leigh's collection there are several deeds granted by members of that family dated between 1411 and

* Since this paper was written, Mr. W. E. A. Axon has read a short paper on this seal to the Manchester Literary Club, in which he explains its meaning in a very ingenious manner, and shows that it is connected with the surrender of a straw as a mark of a bargain. (See p. 194.)

1420, to each of which is attached a very curious seal, which the first time I saw it I fancied must be the felon's head. But a closer scrutiny showed this was not so. It is, however, a man's head couped at the neck, and one, too, of a very pronounced Oriental type, a hooked nose and pointed beard. Can this by any possibility have been the origin of the felon's head?

A surrender of lands by Margaret Jodrell in the Halmote Court of the Manor and Forest of Macclesfield, dated 16th Henry VIII., 1525, bears an interesting seal of the Derby family, who have been stewards or seneschals of this court for the King, who was lord of the manor, from the year 1462 to the present time. This seal, shown in the accompanying illustration, bears the three legs of Man, as they are called,



SEAL OF THOMAS, EARL OF DERBY, 1525.

the feet being encased in very pointed shoes, and having spurs attached to them and, in addition, three eagle's claws, which were often used to indicate that family. The inscription round the seal is *SIGILLU THOME COMIT' DE DERBEI SENESCALL DE MACCLESFIELD*.

Owing to a marriage with a Manchester heiress* the Leighs came into possession of several houses, &c., in Manchester in the seventeenth century. These have long since been sold, but the deeds relating to them are still in Mr. Egerton Leigh's possession. Of these some are of interest. One, dated 1524, is a lease from Sir Thomas West, knight, Lord la Warre, lord of the manor of Manchester, dated 1524. To this is attached a fine impression of his seal, semeé of cross crosslets fitchée, a lion rampant, and the inscription: "Sigillum Thome west domini le Warr."† This seal, however, is of much earlier date than the deed. Among the early charters in possession of the Corporation of Manchester, recently placed in my hands for examination, is another fine seal of the Wests, lords of Manchester. There is also a lease from Thomas Herle, Warden of Manchester College, dated 1572, the 14th of Queen Elizabeth, to which are affixed his signature and those of the four Fellows of the College—Edward Holte, Richard Hall, Robert Hiche, and Richard Holme. A fragment only remains of the College seal, which appears to have been the standing figure of the Virgin Mary surrounded by a halo. This seal, I am told, still exists, and is used by the Dean and Chapter. It may be interesting, perhaps, to quote the way he is described in this deed:—"The right wourshipfull Thomas Herle clerke, maister warden or keper of the colledge of our blessed ladie of Mamchester

* Peter Leigh, Esq., who died in 1657, married Mary, daughter and ultimately co-heiress of George Tipping, of Manchester, gentleman. She was baptized at Manchester, May 20, 1597, and was married about 1614, her eldest son, Peter Leigh, being baptized at Manchester, on August 30, 1615. She was buried at Manchester, 28th April, 1630, as "Mary wife of the Worshipfull Peter Leigh of High Leigh."

† The inscription is distinctly "la Warr," but in the deed and in his own signature at the foot of the deed it is plainly "la Warr." This lease, dated 16th August, 16th Henry VIII. [1524], is to Sir Hugh Bexwyke, parson of Stokely Pomeroy, and Joan Bexwyke, widow, of a close or parcel of land in Manchester called "le Over Smythfelde," for sixty years.

in the countie of Lancaster of the foundacone of Phillip and Marie, late Kinge and Quene of Englande and his fellowes chaplens of the said colledge."*

Another interesting document is the original will, with the probate attached, of Thomas Cogan, Master of Arts and High Master of the Grammar School, Manchester, from 1575 to 1607, dated June 2, 1607, and proved at Chester 23rd June in that year. He was a Somersetshire man, and had property in that county. He was the author of *The Haven of Health*, and other books.†

There are several pedigree rolls in the Leigh collection, three of which merit special attention. Of these the earliest is the production of one Brian Dawton, and is confirmed by William Wyrley, Rouge Croix Pursuivant-at-Arms, and is headed as follows:—

This is the newe descent of the severall families of the Leghs exactly and trewly drawne by a Coppie taken out of the Antiquities of Sampson Erdiswick Esquire by myselfe & William Wyrley Rouge Crosse Pursuivant at Armes and examined as he hath hereunder testified.

It begins with Hamon de Legh, the earliest known ancestor of the West Hall family, but does not proceed far with the main line, but takes the junior branches, the Leghs of Adlington and the Leghs of Cawdwell, co. Derby. The early part of their pedigree, as here given, is fictitious, and it is difficult to say where the true descent of the Leghs of Cawdwell begins. They are made to descend from a family of the Leghs settled apparently in London, of whom Sir John Leigh, knight, was buried in the parish church of Lothbury, in London, in 1520. Of him this account, which is perhaps worth quoting, is given:—

* The lease is of "a tenement and garden in Denesgate" to Edmund Blomeley for forty years, in consideration of a fine of £5 and the surrender of a former lease made by George Colier, clerk, late warden of the said college, dated 1535, to one Ellen Sill.

† An interesting sketch of his life and works, with a full abstract of this will, appears in the *Palatine Note-book* for April, 1883.

Sir John Leigh a memorable and famous knight of this famelye being whilst he liued as by the penn of a credible writer ys testyfied rarely accomplayshed with many and moste singuler adornements both of bodye and mynde As namely towrdes God zealus and religiouse to his freinde faste and ferme to the pore preyfull and charitable Stedfaste in his promisse resolute uppon a deliberate determinacion and confidant in all his affaires not fearinge perill but alwaies hopinge victory hauing lyued euen to the fulnes of his dayes gratiuously fauored of his prince and deseruedly beloued of his cuntrye Did after many worthie atcheuementes both by sea and lande with a ferme faith in Christe and constante patience yielde vp his soule to the blessednesse of longe reste in the yeare of grace one thowsande fyue hundred and twentie And was honorablye buried in London in the parish church of Lothbury in coleman streeete warde with this followinge epitaphe.

"No wealthe no praise no bright renowne no skill
 No force no fame no princes loue no toyle
 Though forraine landes by trauell searche yee will
 No faithfull seruice of the cuntrye soyle
 Can lyfe prolonge one minute of an hower
 But Deathe at length will execute his power
 For Sir John Leigh to sundrie cuntries knowne
 A worthie knight well of his Prince esteemde
 By seinge much to greate experiance growne
 Though safe on seas though suer on lande he seemde
 Yet safe he lyes to soone by deathe opreste
 His fame yet lives his soule in heauen doth reste."

This roll, unlike most other pedigree rolls, is on paper, and has been recently mounted on linen. The shields of arms are much worn, but must have been very handsome when first done, being illuminated with gold and silver. The date of this roll will be about 1600.

The second roll is in a much better condition, but it has not been so finely painted as that last mentioned, although in this the colours are much fresher and better preserved. It, like the former, is also on paper, and has been mounted. At the top are eight shields of arms, all with crests: Leigh of High Leigh of the West Hall, Swinehead of Swinehead, Lymme of Lymme, Mascy of Wincham, Tatton of Tatton, Timperley of Timperley, Sale of Sale, Wincham of Wincham, all in Cheshire. The pedigree starts with Hamo de Legh, and on the sides of the roll are abstracts of many of the old

family deeds, proving the various marriages, &c. This roll was drawn by the well-known Richard St. George Norroy, King of Arms, and bears his signature and the date 1613, the year of the third Cheshire visitation.

The third roll is very much smaller. It is the pedigree of the family of Castellion of Berkshire, descended from a family of that name in Piedmont. Peter Leigh of High Leigh, esquire, married Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of John Baptiste Castellion, one of the grooms of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber, in 1587. Hence this pedigree occurs in this collection. I have printed a full copy of this pedigree, with the blazon of the shields of arms in the *Genealogist*, Vol. VI., pp. 136-138.

After thus calling attention to the interesting character of the deeds, &c., above referred to, a few words may be added as to the great value which such documents possess to the local historian. The true history of any family or of any particular district can only be properly written after a careful study has been made of all the deeds and documents relating to that family or district; and as a rule the greater the number of such original documents, which can be examined, the greater the value of the resulting history. These old deeds fix the period in which any particular lord of a manor or head of a family was living; they supply the names of his friends and contemporaries, and also frequently add to the lists of the neighbouring clergy, or, in the case of corporate towns, to the lists of the various officers and officials there. When early settlements or marriage articles are preserved, the names of the younger members of the family are recorded, and in that way information is given which, as a rule, cannot be met with elsewhere. They also record the names of places, roads, fields, &c., many of which have long since been disused.

There are few families of any antiquity, still resident on

the estates of their forefathers, who do not possess either small or large collections of such local deeds, generally preserved in some deed box or old muniment chest, and probably not disturbed from one generation to another. Still such deeds have a value their owners little imagine, and whenever the history of the district to which they relate is undertaken, they should be allowed to be examined, and their contents made known. It also not unfrequently happens that owing to marriages, trusteeships, &c., deeds belonging to other and sometimes far distant families are met with when least expected, and many an obscure point is thus, so to speak, accidentally settled. In the case of manuscripts likely to be of general public interest, the task of examining them has been undertaken by the Royal Historical Manuscript Commission, which has examined a large number of private collections in the United Kingdom, and has brought to light much very valuable information. This Commission, however, does not concern itself much with purely local or family deeds, beyond occasionally noticing them when they occur, and these must be left to the zeal and labour of the local or family historian. And the sooner this is done the better. In days gone by vast numbers of such old documents have in various ways been lost or destroyed, and such destruction is still going on year by year. Many have been destroyed by fire, others have been sold as waste paper or have perished from damp and neglect. Again, too, when an estate changes hands, the old documents, which have no bearing on the title, are not, as a rule, sent to the purchaser. They either remain in the possession of the descendants of the late owners, and so may be removed to places far distant from the locality to which they relate, or they are left in the lawyer's hands, where they are put on one side and forgotten. Now, however, when the study of local and family history is being so zealously and so scientifically pursued, it is to be hoped that more care

and attention will be paid to such old documents, and that their owners will, as far as possible, allow them to be examined, and the information they contain made public. In the particular case of the documents which have given rise to the above observations, my best thanks are due to Capt. Egerton Leigh, who kindly placed all his deeds in my hands, and allowed me to examine them quietly at my leisure.





ON THE STALK AS A SIGN OF CONTRACT.

BY WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

AMONGST the ancient deeds belonging to Captain Egerton Leigh, of the West Hall, High Leigh, which are now being arranged by Mr. J. P. Earwaker, M.A., and some of which were exhibited at a recent meeting of the Manchester Literary Club, there is one dated 1413, of which this description is given:—"The seal attached to a deed dated 1413 is curious in this respect, that it is not heraldic, but seems to represent a sort of primitive beacon or iron cage mounted on a stand to hold a fire in, and round the seal, embedded in the wax, is twisted a portion of a reed. This," adds Mr. Earwaker, "is an example I have not previously met with, and I do not know the object for which this was done."

It seems probable that this stalk or reed has some connection with the old use of the *stipula* as a sign of sale or agreement. There has been some doubt and speculation as to the origin of the word "stipulation," but folk-lore has come to the aid of etymology, and offered a reasonable solution. The word *stipulatio* is used to signify a contract by question and answer. From an article in the *Nation* (Nov.

23, 1882) it appears that some of the Roman writers regarded it as derived from *stips*, a piece of money, although that certainly formed no necessary part of the contract. Justinian and Julius Paulus trace it to an adjective *stipulus*, meaning firm—a word of which there appears to be no other evidence. Isidorous, however, says that the Romans, when they made a solemn promise, broke a *stipula* (straw, or corn-stalk), and by joining the pieces together acknowledged the bargain. "How often," asks Canon Farrar, "do people, when they 'make a stipulation,' recall the fact that the origin of the expression is a custom, dead for centuries, of giving a straw (*stipula*) in sign of a completed bargain?" The custom of using a stalk as a sign of sale is widespread. It is found, says the writer in the *Nation*, "preserved amongst the Franks, Bavarians, and Alemanni in the phrases: 'Mit mund und halm,' 'mit mund, hand und halm!' Where *halm* corresponds to the breaking of the *stipula*, hand points to a Frankish 'There's my hand upon it,' and *mund* corresponds to the *interrogatio et responsis*, 'Spondesne? spondeo,' which was all that in Justinian's time was left of the early ceremony." The authority for these statements is Grimm's *Wörterbuch*. The same fact is evidently alluded to in the phrase, "Rompre le festu." To "break a straw" had the meaning of a quarrel in England formerly. Thus in Udal's translation of the apophthegms of Erasmus we read:—"I prophecie (quoth he) that Plato and Dionysius wil erre many daies to an end break a strawe between them" (Davies: *Supplementary English Glossary*, 1881, p. 629). Dr. J. S. Warren, in an essay published at Dordrecht last year, has pointed out the former, if not the present, existence of the custom in India.

Hariskandra, when he had lost everything, is represented as selling himself; and in offering himself for sale he places a stalk on his head (*sirasi trinam dattvā*). This can hardly

be taken in the sense of *trinikar, vilipendere*, for he asks a lakh of gold pieces as his price. Dr. Warren thinks it is simply a sign that the king is a *bonâ fide* article of sale. This essay was noticed in the *Academy*, whence the above is taken. Hariskandra's adventures are told in their fullest form in the *Mârkandeya Purâna* (Dowson's *Classical Dictionary of Hindu Mythology*, 1879, p. 118).

A correspondent of the *Nation* has pointed out an interesting passage in Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* which seems to imply the existence of a similar custom here in quite recent times. "The French ecclesiastic, in suggesting to Crusoe to marry the English sailors left on the island to the Indian women they were living with, is made to say 'yet a formal contract before witnesses and confirmed by any token they had all agreed to be bound by, though it had been but the breaking of a stick between them, engaging the men to own these women as their wives.'" The writer further adds:—"In a picture of Raphael's (I believe), of which engraved copies are common enough, representing the marriage of the Virgin and St. Joseph, a young man who assists at the ceremony is represented as breaking a stick across his knee. I remember when a boy, fifty years ago, being told in explanation of this act that the breaking of a stick was an ancient form of attesting a contract, and the introduction of it into the picture points pretty clearly to such a custom in use, or at least well known in the painter's time and country" (*Nation*, No. 914, January 4, 1883).

There are still traces of the survival of a form of the old stipulation, for Mr. Robert Brown says "that in the manor of Winteringham, North Lincolnshire, this custom, far from being dead, obtains at the present time. A straw is always inserted, 'according to the custom of the manor,' in the top of every surrender (a paper document) of copy-

hold lands there; and the absence of this straw would render the whole transaction null and void" (*Academy*, No. 498, November 19, 1881).

Dr. Augustus Jessop communicates the following curious document to *Notes and Queries* (6th S., vi., 534):—

The Bill of Surrender made the Thirtieth day of April in the twentieth year of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord James by the grace of God King of England France and Ireland defender of the fauth &c., and of Scotland the five and fiftieth Witnesseth that Gilbert Nunnes of Leeds in the countie of Yorke Shomaker hath by the hands of George Cockill customarie tenant of the Mannor of Altoft surrendered and given up with a strawe into the hands of the Lord one rode of Arable land more or lesse lyinge in a certain feild called Twenetownes with all and singular the appurtenances in Altoft aforesayd being of the yearly rent of two pence halfpenny of intent to make courting thereof To the use and behoofe of W^m of Freson of Altoft in the sayd countie of Yorke Esq^{re} and Margaret his wife and to theire heires and assignes for ever.

This has been supplemented by another correspondent, who says that "this is the custom to this day in the manor of Tupoates-with-Myton, which comprises much of the western part of the town of Kingston-upon-Hull, and belongs to the corporation of that town. The straw is affixed to the top of the paper on which the form of surrender is written, and the tenant surrendering holds the straw by the natural knot in the middle of it, for a straw having such a knot is always chosen. The new tenant receives possession by taking hold of one end of a rod offered to him by the deputy steward. In practice, this rod is an office ruler" (6th S., vii., 218).

An unpleasant reminiscence of the same form of contract is probably the origin of the phrase a "man of straw," which now denotes merely a worthless individual, either in a moral or a pecuniary sense, but at no very distant date indicated one who had descended to the lowest deeps of degradation. A man of straw was one who stood in the vicinity of the law courts ready to be bought as a witness, and to perjure himself by swearing whatever he was instructed to say. As a sign that he was on sale he wore a straw in his boot—not

quite so prominent a symbol as that borne by Hariskanda, and yet equally significant; and, indeed, the mark of a baser slavery. Men who were waiting to be hired for farm service at statute fairs displayed a straw as a sign that their labour was on sale.

It seems possible, then, that the reed in the seal to this Cheshire document of four centuries ago may be connected with the ancient and widespread use of the stalk as a symbol of contract between two persons.





TH' OWD BEGGAR AN' HIS DOG.

BY HENRY GANNON.

[A translation of Adelbert von Chamisso's poem, "Der alte Bettler und sein Hund."]

"WHAT, seven an sixpence to pee for th' owd dog ?

Nay, stroike me deead as stiff as a log !

Whoy what dun they meeans, thoose cussed police,
As they awsen a poor devil loike me for to fleece ?

Aw've getten no brass, aw've getten no breead,
Awm sick at heart, an aw weesh aw wur deead !

Awm nowt bur lumber, awm weary an owd,
An livin—meeans deein o hunger an cowd.—

When fost aw fell sick an hard toimes coom apace,

Who wur it as showd a compassionate face ?

An when i this woide wuld aw stood o alone,

Who wur it as thrut in his lot wi mi own ?

Who wur it as cheert mi when th' spirits wur low ?

Who wur it as warmt mi i frost an i snow ?

An when wen bin hungry, wi nob'dy to help,

Who wur it as bided wi niver a yelp ?

Bur it's welly o up, lad, wi thee an me,

Owd toyke we mun part—it's beaund to be.

Loike me thart sick an owd, an it's hard,

Bur aw mun dreawn thee—aye that's thi reward !

Aye that's thi reward after sarvice done !
 Bur it's same wi mony a mother's-son.—
 Odd rot it ! aw've foughten through thin an thick,
 Bur aw niver playd Marwood yit sin aw're wick.

Bur aw've getten th' noose, an th' stoan aw've fun,
 An th' waither's theere, an it mun be done.—
 Coom here, owd varmint, bur look tother hont,
 It's oer i a jiffy, tha'll know nowt ont."

An when he wur fixin th' noose i its place,
 An th' owd dog licked his honds an his face,
 He snatcht it back wi a sudden sheaut,
 An reaund his own wizzant he wun it abeaut,

An he run to th' river, wi cusses woild,
 An he plunged i th' stream as bubblet an boild,
 As bubblet an boild an splashed uppo th' shore,
 An then a few rings—an o wur oer.

Th' dog tried to save him wi mony a howl,
 An he wakkent th' boatmen wi yelp an yowl,
 An he pood an he whined an he pood em to th' shore.—
 Bur when the fun th' beggar his troubles wur oer.

So they buriet him theere i th' gloamintide,
 An th' owd dog followt an whined an cried ;
 Then stretchd his owd limbs uppo th' upturned sond,
 An followt his mester to th' shadow-lond !



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